

EXPLOSIVE ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

# 18-84

NUMBER THREE

SEPT 1978 <sup>TM</sup>

A WARREN MAGAZINE

\$1.50

HE TRAVELED  
TO THE DAWN  
OF TIME...  
SEEKING  
THE ORIGIN  
OF LIFE  
ON EARTH!



# COVER-TO-COVER CORBEN!

The hottest, most sought-after talent in comics today, illustrates nine of the most breathtakingly beautiful tales ever to be presented in comic form.

Richard Corben, whose underground roots brought him to the attention of mainstream publishers more than a decade ago, returns to the mire from whence he sprang . . . in nine uncensored classics published on high-quality paper and packaged in one exquisite volume.

Thirty-five pages of comics as only Richard Corben can render them in livid black and white!

Thirty-nine pages of gloriously brilliant Corben color! Plus an introduction and appreciation by the Grand Master of the graphic story, Will Eisner! Eighty pages in all of pure orgasmic delight, sure to plunge even the hardiest Corben enthusiast into throes of wanton ecstasy!

This beautiful, soft-cover collector's package is made available for the first time, exclusively from Warren Publishing. This book will not be sold at newsstands or book counters. And supply is limited. So order yours today!

The Odd Comic World of

## RICHARD CORBEN

A WARREN ADULT FANTASY PUBLICATION



**EIGHTY-PAGES OF UNCENSORED  
PURE CORBEN COMIC CLASSICS!**

CORBEN  
©1977

Due to the explicit sexual nature of some stories in this volume, you must be eighteen to order!

WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY

145 East 32nd Street New York, N.Y. 10016

I am eighteen years of age or older! Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of THE ODD COMIC WORLD OF RICHARD CORBEN! I enclose \$3.98 for each copy ordered. Total enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

# 1984

NUMBER THREE  
SEPTEMBER 1978

*Publisher*  
**JAMES WARREN**

*Editor*  
**W.B. DuBAY**

*Assistant Editor*  
**JAMES STENSTRUM**

*Production*  
**SAM BERDICIA**  
**JAMES IMES**

*Circulation*  
**MIKE SCHNEIDER**

*Cover*  
**PATRICK WOODROFFE**

*Authors*  
**BILL DuBAY**  
**NEBOT**  
**ALABASTER REDZONE**  
**JAN STRNAD**

*Illustrators*  
**HERB ARNOLD**  
**ALFREDO ALCALA**  
**RICHARD CORBEN**  
**JIM JAMES**  
**ABEL LAXAMANA**  
**ESTEBAN MAROTO**  
**NEBOT**  
**RUDY NEBRES**  
**ALEX NINO**  
**JOSE ORTIZ**

1984 MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY. EDITORIAL, SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. TELEPHONE: (212) 683-6050

SUBSCRIPTIONS: SIX ISSUES FOR \$9.00 IN THE U.S., CANADA AND ELSEWHERE; \$12.00. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE APPLIED FOR AT NEW YORK, N.Y. ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1978 BY WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY, WHICH COMPANY IS SOLELY RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS CONCEPTION AND CONTENT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION AND THE PAN AMERICAN CONVENTION. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER.

SORRY, NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SUBSCRIBERS: PLEASE ALLOW EIGHT WEEKS FOR DELIVERY OF FIRST ISSUE.

## TELEMETRY

"It occurs to me that every one of your artists and writers has an acute case of Tourettes' syndrome, the swearing sickness," writes Dr. Ralph Thomas of Dade City, Florida. While Barry Smith, of Kingsport, Louisiana says, "I can't begin to tell you how much 1984 has improved my vocabulary!"

**4**

## IDI AMIN

You remember tricky Dick Nixon, don't you? The political outlaw who amassed a fortune selling his memoirs to the media. If truth be known, and if there were any historians left in this war-ravaged world, they could trace the cause of the recent apocalypse to that humble recluse of San Clemente!

**20**

## SQUEEZIN'S

It was his first day on the job, and the new president wanted to know everything: All of the secrets, all of the dirt, all of the nasty idiosyncrasies that made the country run. What he learned was that the presidency was a myth. The real world leaders were nipping corn squeezin's from a jug!

**6**

## IN THE BEGINNING

The mission was on. It had been timed to the second. The calculations had been checked and triple checked. And the crew was excited and ready. It wasn't man's first excursion into time. But it was the first time he would travel twenty billion years ... and come face-to-face with his creator!

**31**

## MUTANT WORLD

Dimento was a sly fellow. Oh, yes he was. He traded a whole sackful of half-rotten, worm-eaten apples for the secret location of a cache crammed with food. He couldn't understand, though, what the food was doing in an ancient, sludge-filled sewer. And whatever in the world were those growling sounds?

**43**

## OMAR BARSIDIAN

Omar Barsidian was a runaway. He fled the planet Orgasty, to find a more meaningful way of life. But, he was a condemned man. As one of the beautiful people, it was impossible for him to escape. Sally Starslammer had orders to bring Omar home. In lieu of that, she was to bring back his head!

**51**

## DR. JERKYLL

Young Doctor Jerkyl didn't say much. But then, he didn't have to. He was a brilliant scientist, with a very special formula, that could transform him into a vastly different being. It made him unwieldy. It made him insane. It made him beautiful, with breasts the size of overripe cantalopes!

**57**

## DISNEYSPACE

Some might wonder why an ancient steamboat was churning through the blackness of space. It wasn't so unusual. Not in this famous amusement park. What was unusual was the ominous vessel which pursued it. Somehow, the craft didn't appear like it belonged in the wonderful world of DisneySpace!

**62**

## COMM FU

Aaron was a sub-norm, incapable of speech, programmed in the art of destruction. He and his fellow sub-norms had a mission. But they had all been killed or captured, and Aaron was damned if he knew what the mission entailed. All he knew was that he had to kill. So off he went with his tommygun!

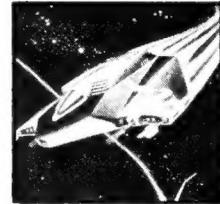
**68**

## THE HARVEST

It was November. Time for the annual harvest; when game had to be thinned, so the animals would not die of starvation in the lean winter months. But, it was also 1988. And most game had long-been extinct. What type of animal, then, was being raised in the preserves, fattened for the anxious hunters?

**75**

# incoming telemetry



## "1984 IS NOW... AND I HOPE IT'S FOREVER!"

I purchased **1984** only after some days of hesitant deliberation. Being somewhat of a more "serious" fan of the genre, I have formed the habit of avoiding the market's offering of science fiction/horror comic magazines. And since **Warren Publishing** has long been recognized as the primary "villain" in this area, I have developed a negative attitude specifically towards the **Warren** entities.

In this particular instance, I noticed the **Warren** label only after my purchase. So what else could I do? I read the magazine. Hence, this letter expressing my reactions, conclusions and comments.

**Consensus: delightful!**

I found the opening editorial remarkable, and emotionally stirring. Such sentimentality compares with my own thoughts and feelings regarding the subject matter. Now well-approaching my middle years, I can recall the way it used to be. How thoroughly refreshing to examine a periodical marketed by serious fans, rather than merely another merchandising effort.

While I am no authority on contemporary comic art, I do nonetheless, have a good general idea of the current state of affairs regarding the same. I feel that the artwork presented in **1984** was the finest available. The magazine is artistically masterful; a visual splendor to behold. Plaudits to all, and a very special tip of the hat to the great **Wally Wood**.

In regards to the literary content, the stories themselves were generally quite good, with only a few mere notches away from being excellent. Although there is always room for improvement in this department, I am registering no complaint or shortcomings...! As I've said, I loved the book. I bid you a warm welcome and a hearty congratulations on a job **very well done!**

**TERRY R. ROARK**  
Lancaster, Pa.

What a package! Ten fantastic stories! Eighty-four glorious pages! The best art and stories ever! And not one page of advertisements in sight!

**R.A. ZIERS**  
Bloomfield, N.J.

It could just become the greatest magazine ever!

**BILL SHARP**  
Knoxville, Tenn.

You know what I like best about **1984**? The attitude. It's not a humor magazine nor a porn book. Yet, it's not straight science fiction, either. It's clear that within these pages, nothing is sacred. That all aspects of the frail human condition are fair game. Unlike so many other purportedly "fun and entertaining" comics, you don't take yourselves too seriously. It's as if you're saying, "Look, world... we know we're just a funny book, so throw off your inhibitions and have some old-time fun!"

With an attitude like that, there's no way you can miss.

As you say, **1984** is now! And god-damn... I hope it's forever!

**VIRGINIA CHAMPIGN**  
Edwardsville, Ill.

Congratulations on your incredibly funny magazine. I loved it.

**BECKY MONTERO**  
Bronx, N.Y.



## 1984 PESSIMISTIC?

The title **1984** irks me. First, it's not very original. And secondly, I fear that it might (subconsciously) limit the scope of the magazine. Though, I can see at a glance why the title was selected. It is an eye-grabbing display that will no doubt enhance sales. And, I suppose, business is business.

**STEVEN JOHNSON**  
White Horse, S.C.

Since '84 is only six years off, the name of your new magazine seems a bit pessimistic. Nonetheless, it is the best **Warren** debut since **CREEPY #1**.

I was a bit surprised at the sexual aspect, thought not entirely displeased. "Last of the Really Great, All-American Joy Juice" and "Angel" were both marred by an overdose of junior high "tough guy" cursing, which lost any punch due to its profusion. And "Faster Than Light's" racial aspect was out of place and to no point, only undercutting the wacky fun.

**PATRICK COSGROVE**  
San Antonio, Texas

## SEXIST...? US?

What with the treatment accorded the fairer sex within the pages of the first issue of **1984**, I am inclined to make the reasonably secure deduction that your execrable editor harbors a blatant, perhaps unrealized hatred of women. What did we ever do to you, huh, guy?

**SUE McCARTHY**  
Sioux City, Iowa

What's the matter with your erstwhile editor? Isn't he getting enough? Is that why he's getting his rocks off within the pages of **1984**?

**MORTON FORK**  
Ondia, S. Dakota

## BAPTISM OF FIRE?

You guys really believe in baptizing your readers with fire. It wasn't enough that you featured big bold yellow letters across the top of your cover that fairly screamed the words "illustrated adult fantasy!" No! You had to hurl us bodily into "The Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice!" Proof once and for all that you weren't messin' around when you said this was an adult magazine.

And yet, no other story could have led off your trend-setting new magazine. This one said it all.

**CAROL MORRISON**  
Ivanhoe, Minn.

I hadn't gotten past the first page "Last of the Really-Great All-American Joy Juice," when I had to turn back to the cover to see if **1984** really was a new magazine from **Warren**. Needless to say, it was, and is. And I was convinced that I held in my hands a new side of **Warren** that would revolutionize the comic world forever.

I half-heartedly expected nothing more than one of your usual horror titles. Not that they aren't good magazines. They were just what I needed three years ago. But since then, I've outgrown them.

**1984** reached out and gave me something I haven't experienced in years of comics collecting. Excitement. And profound, gratuitous pleasure!

"Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice" was revolutionary from beginning to end. It continued to amaze me. I couldn't put the story down. I sincerely believe you made a wise choice in presenting it first. It showed clearly that **Warren** is an old friend that has finally come of age.

**PAUL HILL**  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I wish to express my disappointment with your writing and editing in the first issue of **1984**. More specifically, I am disgusted with the use of the words **chink**, **Jap** and **nip** in the story "Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice!"

I realize that the characters' personalities call for somewhat saltier than usual dialogue. However, I feel that the aforementioned slurs were totally unnecessary to the story.

Perhaps you are not aware that the terms **chink**, **Jap** and **nip** are offensive. How long will it be before the casual use of such slurs in comic books spreads to general use in society? I am sure you are aware of your ability to communicate to thousands, and of your ability to influence the simple-minded minority which read your magazine. Perhaps you are also aware that because of your negligence, you have single-handedly undone all progress in inter-racial relations for which Japanese, Chinese and Caucasians have striven for centuries.

**CURTIS UYEDA**  
Palo Alto, Calif.

We have received many letters concerning our free use of certain words within these pages, Curtis. It has never been our intention to offend or alienate anyone, whether he is a member of a minority or simply abhors the use of certain socially unacceptable terms. Our editorial policy is to poke fun at many of the world's ills, past, present and future.

One of our prime targets is society's fear of words. Without standing on a soapbox, what we are trying to say, in as entertaining a manner as possible is: "Isn't it a shame that people fear our language?"

We apologize to you Curtis, and to any others who missed our point and took offense!

But we would be proud, not ashamed if **1984**, in a small way "contaminated" the English language, and assisted in bringing "forbidden" words into general usage. Perhaps at that point humanity will no longer fear itself, and we will see words for what they truly are: symbols in assisting us to a better understanding.

## SEX: LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT!

It occurs to me that every one of your artists and writers has been afflicted with an acute case of **Tourette's** syndrome. I didn't know it was contagious.

**DR. RALPH THOMAS**  
Dade City, Fla.

I can't begin to tell you how much **1984** has improved my vocabulary.

**BARRY SMITH**  
Kingsport, La.



I want to thank you. You've given us the first comic book stories with **real** people. Characters with which I can identify, relate to, and **care** about: Protagonists who are strongly driven by their own omnipresent sexuality. People like us all, whom **Sigmund Freud** said, are motivated in our every action by **sex**.

I refer, of course, not only to your liberal usage of the English language, but to the adult themes in your stories, as well.

Take for instance the classic personality of Captain Spunkey Bolt, the star sailor and closet homosexual in the lead story, "Last of the Really Great All-American Joy Juice." Initially, I was under the impression that this character's use of vulgarisms was employed for sheer **shock** value, or, because the more liberal climate in this country simply allowed you to at long last employ words and phrases that have long been taboo. I was **shocked**, quite frankly, into passive, non-thinking indignation. Then it hit me. Hey! This guy is a sailor of tomorrow. So how in the hell are sailors supposed to talk? It's role stereotyping with more than a grain of truth to lend it credibility. And yet, Spunkey, unlike his real-life, present-day counterpart, refrained admirably from employing the common, now over-used term **fuck** in every other sentence. Your author/editor quite wisely thrust more colorful euphemisms between his lips, which lent exactly the right temper to Spunkey's personality.

Not only was the character speaking quite naturally for a man of his position, but he was covering up his own rampant homosexuality with words and actions that made him sound and seem more like a robust heterosexual "man!"

That aspect didn't occur to me, I admit, until the final panel of the story. But I wonder how many others missed this marvelous little bit of literary subtlety because they were too upset or too hung-up on

the use of socially questionable discourse to see the intricate and subtle shades of characterization which your excellent author/editor employed.

Then, on the other extreme, there is the tragically beautiful Clarissa, from the truly moving ode, "Once Upon Clarissa."

She did not betray her proper upbringing by employing common or colorful vulgarisms. She showed that she was a verbally eloquent lady, motivated by one all-consuming desire: to give birth.

I truly felt for Clarissa. I cried for her. I laughed with her. For me, she was as real, as exciting as any woman I've known. **More real, more exciting, more alive** than most of the cardboard Farrahs, Raquels or Barbie dolls walking around today. And yet, there isn't the remotest trace of socially questionable intercourse in the entire story. Which makes it even clearer to me that your author/editor is not exploiting the language nor corrupting his responsibilities for a cheap shot at greater magazine sales. He is using English language artfully and quite professionally. And I only hope that those flaunting less intelligence than he has shown, by rebuking his use of **words**, will eventually overcome their own fear of simple words, and enjoy the flawless, discerning entertainment that is to be found within the pages of **1984**.

**SCOTT ASHTON**  
Queens, N.Y.

## PORTRAIT OF MORE TO COME?

Based on my vast experience with comics (or funnies if you wish), I predict that **1984** will serve up some excellent, inspired material for the first few issues. An abbreviated period of literary and artistic stagnation will follow. If we're lucky, there will be a feeble rally. But eventually, the magazine will succumb to sagging sales. We'll see an early death, and a reclassification to comic book legendry. And a few years from now we'll all be saying, "Remember '78 when '84 was being published? Man, those were the days!"

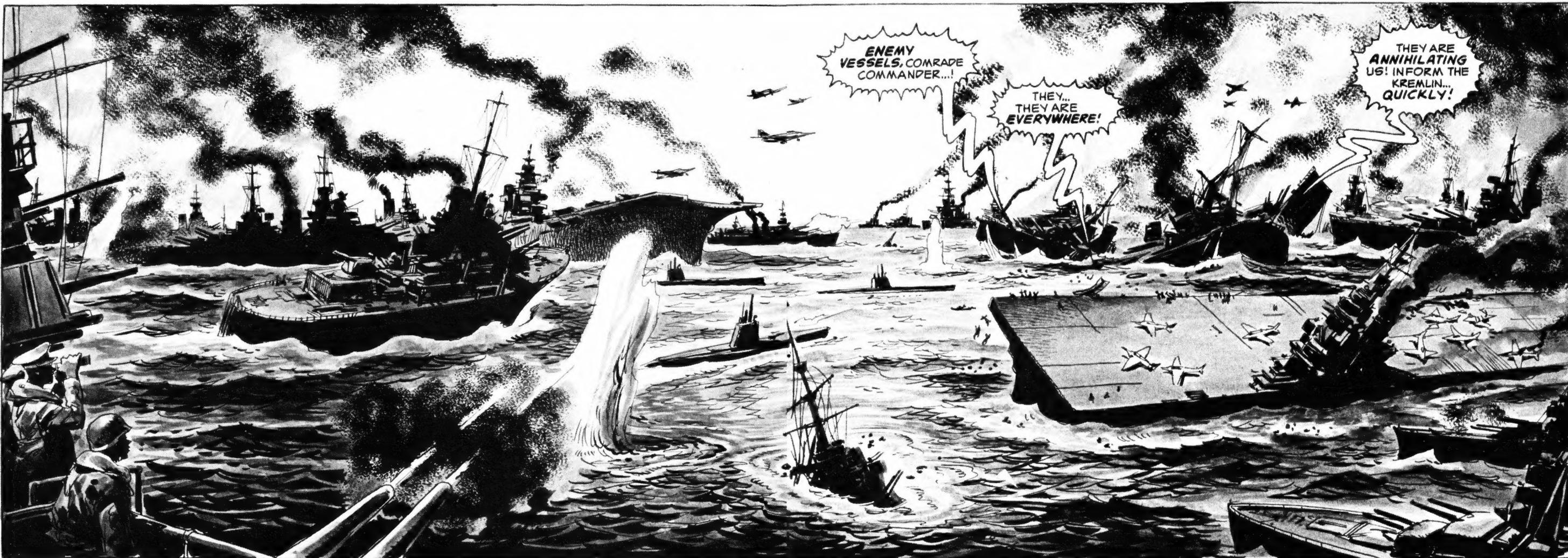
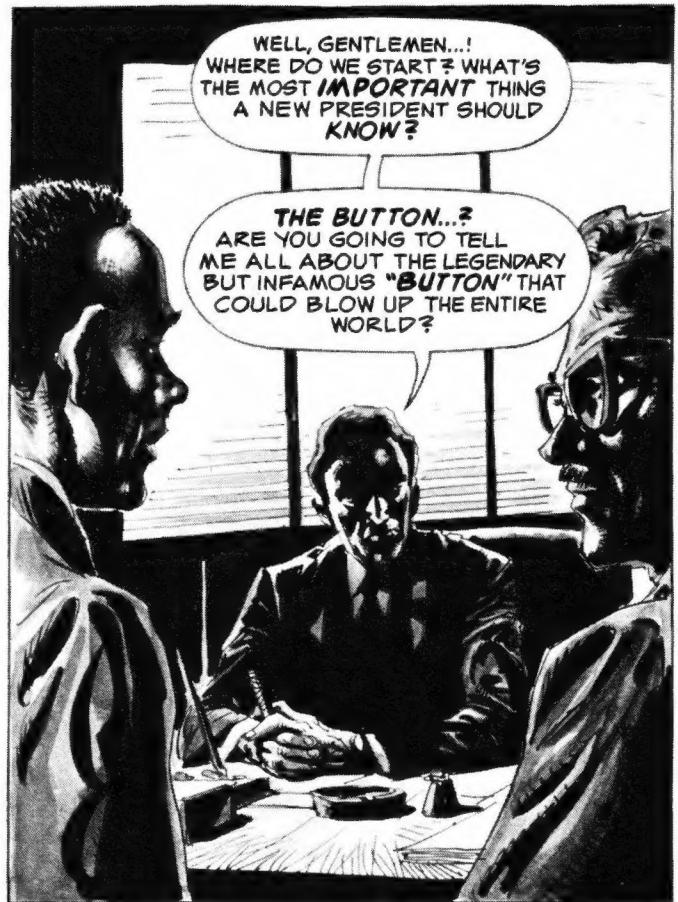
**Puh-eeeeeeease!** Prove me wrong!

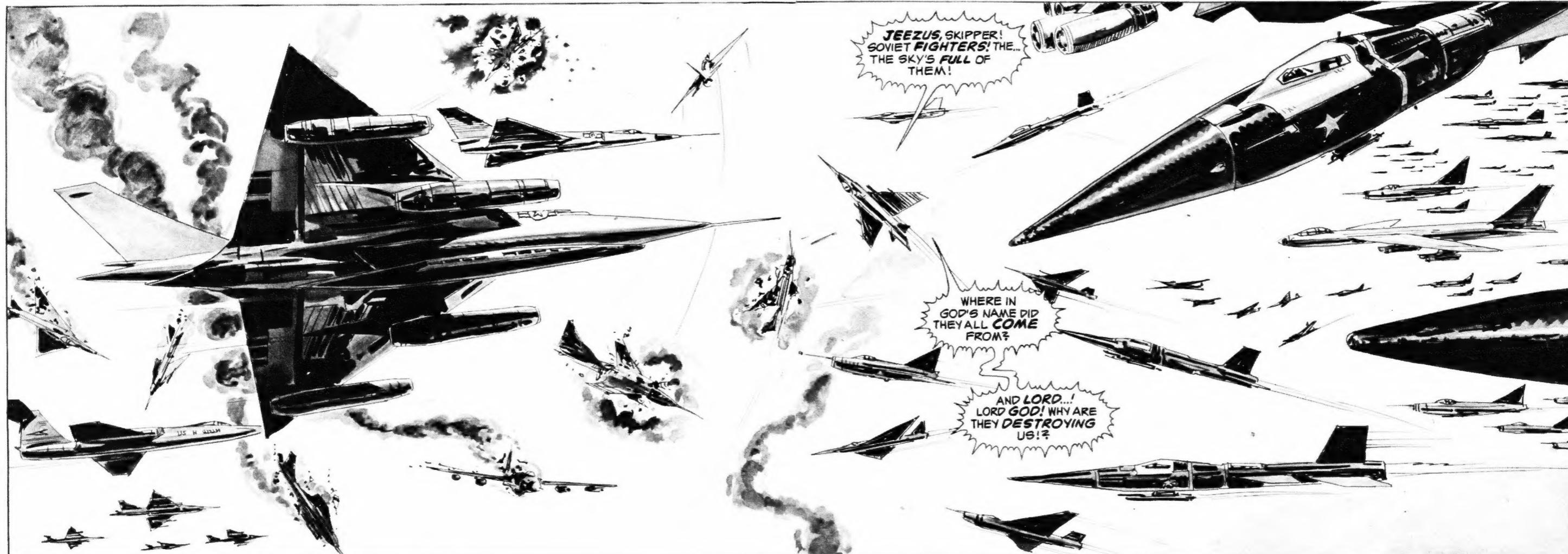
**L. PHILLIP DUQUESNE**  
Rapid City, Iowa

Let us calm your fears, Phillip. As one astute reader put it, "**1984** is now and forever!" We'll still be here in 2001! As for what we are going to do about our name becoming outmoded by that glorious year, we still haven't figured out!

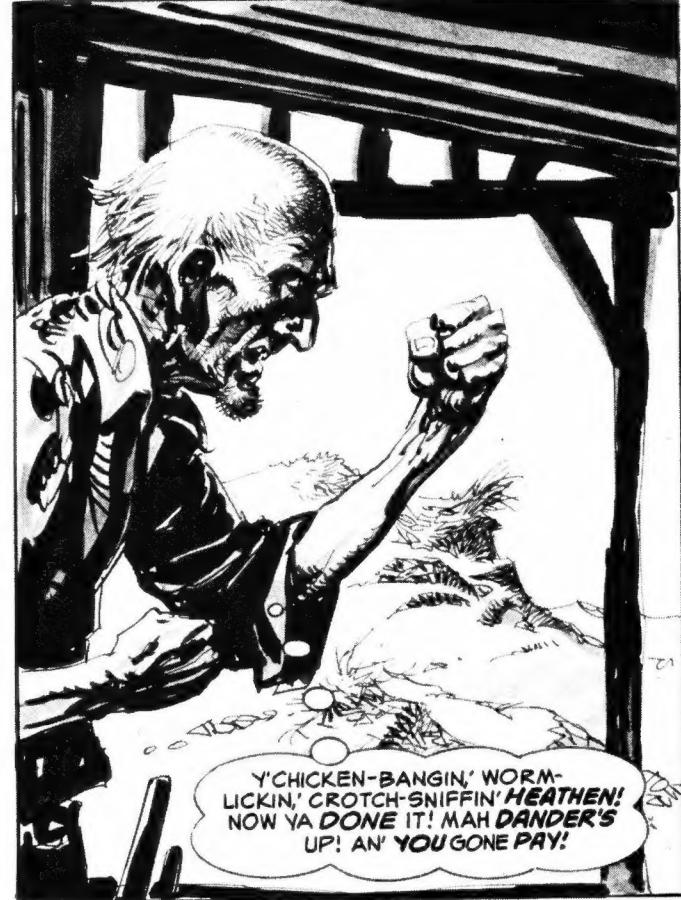
# SQUEEZIN'S!

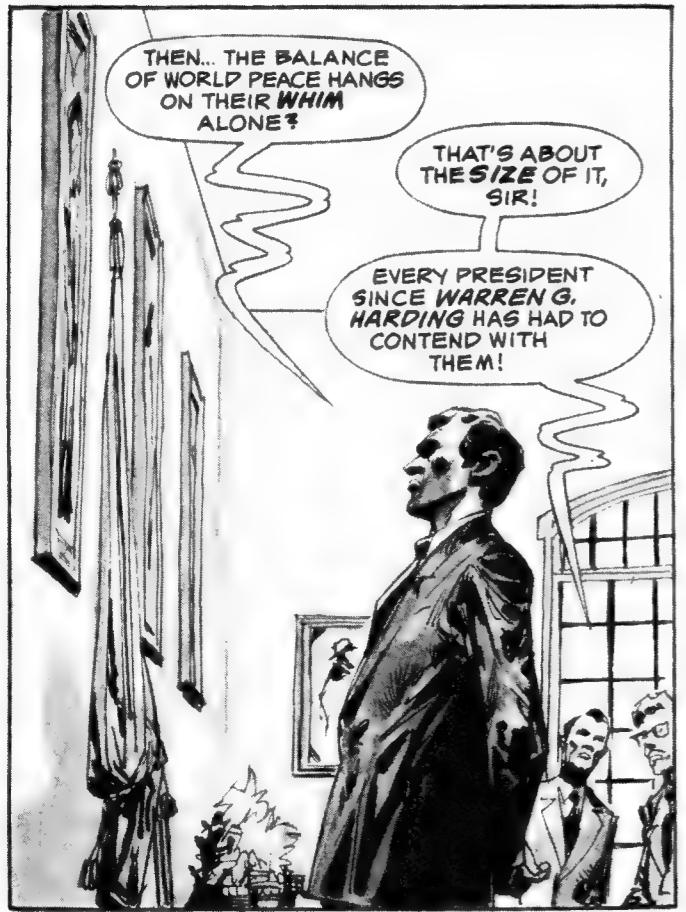


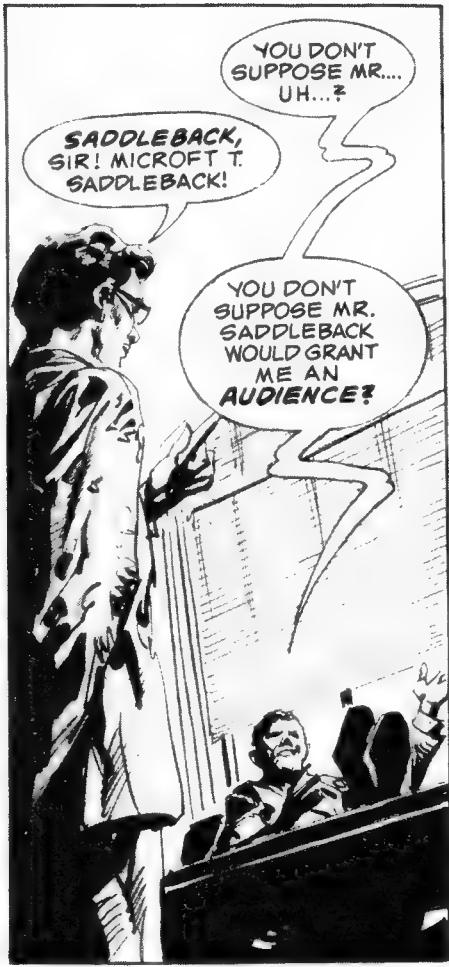


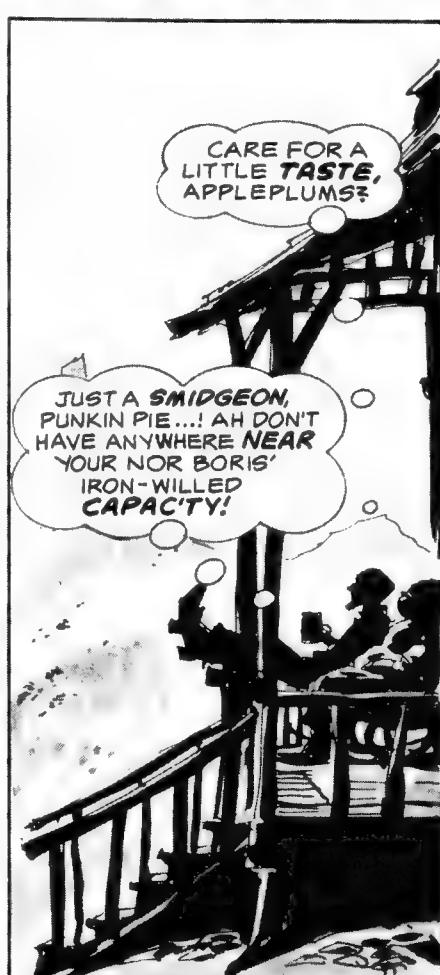
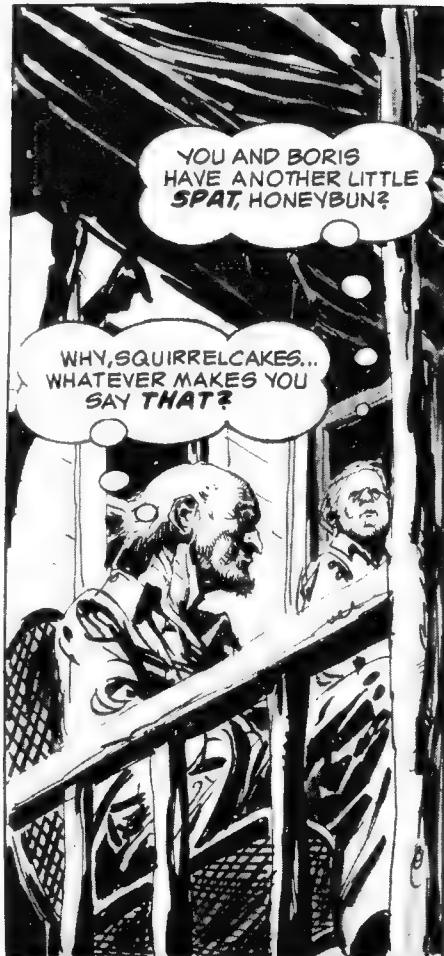












HEY! YOU REMEMBER TRICKY DICK NIXON, DON'T YOU? SURE! WHO DOESN'T? HE WAS THE POLITICAL OUTLAW WHO AMASSED ONE OF THE GRANDEST FORTUNES KNOWN TO MAN SIMPLY BY SELLING THE STORY OF HIS UNDER-THE-COUNTER PRESIDENTIAL SKULDUGGERY TO THE MEDIA....!



WELL IF TRUTH BE KNOWN, AND IF THERE WERE ANY HISTORIANS LEFT IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN, WAR-RAVAGED WORLD, I'M SURE THEY'D TRACE THE ROOT OF THE RECENT APOCALYPSE TO THAT HUMBLE RECLUSE OF SAN CLEMENTE.



OH, HE DIDN'T PUSH ANY BUTTONS OR ANYTHING AS GLORIOUS AS THAT. HELL NO. FIRST OFF, EVEN IF HE HAD THE BALLS, THEY NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM THE POWER. NOT AFTER HIS HUMILIATINGLY FEEBLE COMEBACK IN '84 WHEN HE WAS LITERALLY WIPE OFF THE FACE OF THE POLITICAL MAP BY PRESIDENT-ELECT BELLA ABZUG.



WHAT DICK NIXON DID WAS SHOW OUR GOVERNMENTAL VIZIERS THE NEED FOR PRANKSTERISM IN NATIONAL POLITICS: DIRTY TRICKS AND THE LIKE... TO SABOTAGE ALL UNAMERICAN "OPPOSITION!" JUST LIKE HIS BOYS DID AT WATERGATE!



SO, SOME YEARS AFTER HE LEFT OFFICE, WHAT THE WHITE HOUSE DID, WAS QUIETLY ADD TO THE ALREADY INFAMOUS ROSTER OF GOVERNMENT CLOAK-AND-DAGGER AGENCIES. JOINING THE C.I.A., C.I.D., F.B.I., SECRET SERVICE, G-2, S.N.I.C.K., S.N.A.C.K., AND THE NATIONAL SECURITY ORGANIZATION, WAS D.D.T., OR THE DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS, AS IT WAS KNOWN IN WASHINGTON LONGESE.

IT WAS HEADED BY LONG-TIME TRICKSTER AND NIXON CONFIDENCE MAN, HOWARD HUNT, WHO CONSIDERED IT HIS PATRIOTIC DUTY TO RECRUIT THE MEANEST, VILEST, MOST SADISTIC MOTHER-REAMERS THIS SIDE OF SOUTHERN MONGOLIA, TO UNDERTAKE THOSE GOOD-HUMORED "PRANKS" WHICH WOULD KEEP AMERICA SOUND!



# WHATEVER HAPPENED TO IDI AMIN?

THEY CALLED ME **DOGMEAT** BECAUSE AFTER TEN YEARS WITH THE DEPARTMENT,  
THAT'S WHAT I USUALLY MADE OUT OF MY "VICTIMS!"



**VICTIMS?** YEAH! FOR LACK OF A BETTER TERM, THAT'S WHAT WE CALLED THEM. **MARKS. DUPES. SACRIFICES. PREY!** IT ALL ENDED UP THE SAME. IF THEY SAID OR DID DIRTY TO THE U.S. OF A, SOONER OR LATER HOWLING HOWARD SENT US **AFTER** THEM...



WITH ALL HUMILITY I MUST ADMIT THAT I WAS ONE OF THEIR **BETTER** OPERATIVES. THEY HANDED ME ONLY THE TOUGHEST JOBS, THOSE THE OTHER AGENTS DIDN'T HAVE THE CUBES TO UNDERTAKE. LIKE **MOKHTAR OULD DADDAH**, PRESIDENT OF MAURITANIA, WHO SPREAD THOSE NASTY STORIES ABOUT LILLIAN CARTER'S SEX CHANGE BACK IN '82...

IT WAS MY ASSIGNMENT TO TEACH THAT SMUTTY MOTHER NOT TO SPREAD VIOLENT GOSSIP ABOUT OUR CITIZENRY. SO, GOODNATURED FELLOW THAT I AM, I HAD THE GENITALIA OF A GREAT BLUE **WHALE** GRAFTED ONTO HIS GROIN DURING ONE OF HIS ON-THE-SLY VISITS TO COPENHAGEN'S ØSTERGADE.

THEN THERE WAS THE TIME IN BULGARIA... WHEN **TODOR ZHIVKOV**, THE FLIPPANT SECRETARY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY, IN ELOQUENT BULGARIAN, CALLED PRESIDENT ABZUG THE ILLEGITIMATE OFFSPRING OF A HORSE'S ASS...

I NEEDN'T MENTION WHAT WE GRAFTED ONTO **TODOR**. THE STRANGEST THING ABOUT THAT... FROM THE REAR YOU COULDN'T TELL HIM OR BELLA APART!



I COULD GO RAT-HUNTING... BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT THE RATS'D END UP HUNTING ME!

I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU... HE DIDN'T GO AROUND MAKING SEXUALLY DEGRADING STATEMENTS ABOUT MISS LILLIAN AGAIN. OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER.

THEY WOULD HAVE TO SHOW UP JUST AS I WAS GETTING READY FOR MY MORNING MEAL! SHIT!

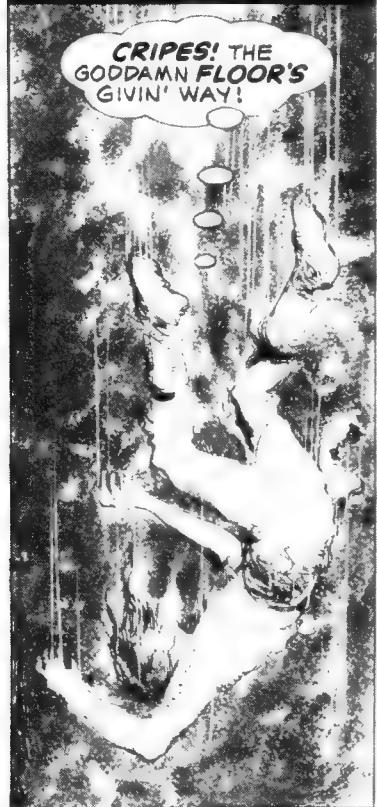
OH, I NEVER DID THE ACTUAL "CUT AND PASTE" ON ANY OF MY WORK. I HAD A SPECIALIST FOR THAT. MY FORTÉ LAY STRICTLY IN DESIGNING THE "BLUE-PRINTS."

WHY VENTURE IN- TO THE SQUALID OUT-DOORS WHEN I'VE GOT A NICE SAFE HIDE OUT IN- SIDE OLD LADY SPHINX...?



ONE OF MY MASTER-PIECES WAS WHAT GOT THE WORLD IN- TO THIS MESS. IT INVOLVED **IDI AMIN**... PRESIDENT, FIELD MARSHAL, DOCTOR AND JESTER OF TINY **UGANDA** IN AFRICA...

BEFORE I STARTED ON HIM, IDI WAS QUITE A TERROR. ONCE UP ON A TIME HE WAS THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION OF THE ENTIRE UGANDAN ARMY. IT DOESN'T SEEM ALL THAT MANY YEARS AGO THAT HE WAS IN THE RING, TAKING THOSE PUNCHES TO THE HEAD WHICH EVENTUALLY GAVE HIM HIS GRAND POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS.

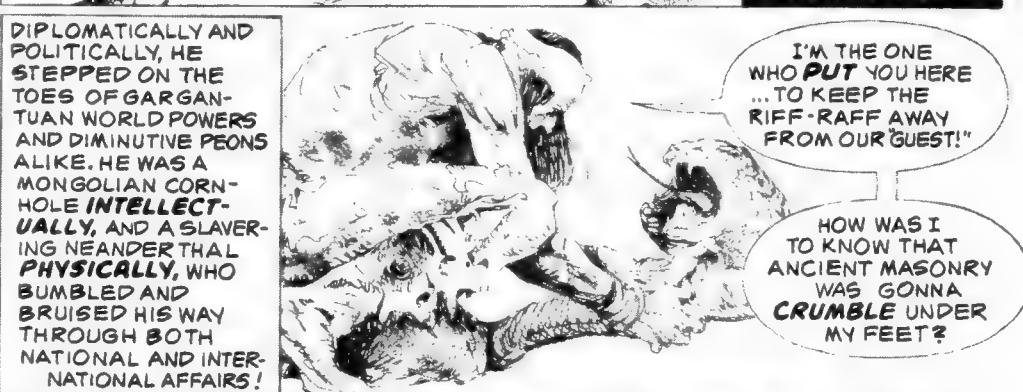


YOU PROBABLY READ BACK IN '71 WHERE IDI LED HIS ARMY AGAINST MILTON OBOTE, THEN UGANDA'S PRESIDENT, IN ONE OF THE DULLEST MILITARY COUPS OF THE CENTURY. OF COURSE, MILT WAS ON VACATION AT THE TIME, SO IDI'S BOYS DIDN'T MEET WITH A HELLUVA LOT OF RESISTANCE.



THROUGHOUT THE SEVENTIES IDI AMIN RULED UGANDA WITH AN IRON FIST. HE CLAIMED THE COUNTRY'S WEALTH AS HIS OWN, SAMPLED THE CHARMS OF HIS FEMALE SUBJECTS AS HE PLEASED, AND REGULARLY EXECUTED THOSE WHOSE FACES HE DIDN'T LIKE.

DIPLOMATICALLY AND POLITICALLY, HE STEPPED ON THE TOES OF GARGANTUAN WORLD POWERS AND DIMINUTIVE PEONS ALIKE. HE WAS A MONGOLIAN CORN-HOLE INTELLECTUALLY, AND A SLAVERING NEANDERTHAL PHYSICALLY, WHO BUMBLED AND BRUISED HIS WAY THROUGH BOTH NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS!



HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT ANCIENT MASONRY WAS GONNA CRUMBLE UNDER MY FEET?

HIS FIRST YEAR IN OFFICE, HE ESTABLISHED ENMITY WITH AMERICA. HIS SECOND YEAR HE ALIENATED THE RUSSIANS. BY THE TIME HE'D BEEN IN OFFICE A DECADE, OL' IDI HAD COME CLOSER THAN ANYMAN IN HISTORY OF HAVING HIS COUNTRY BLOWN OFF THE FACE OF THE MAP BY ENGLAND, CHINA, FRANCE, ISRAEL, EGYPT, KENYA, ZAIRE, SOMALIA, TANZANIA AND LIECHTENSTEIN, SIMULTANEOUSLY!



NOT TO MENTION HIS OWN PEOPLE, THE UGANDANS, WHO IT WAS DISCOVERED, WERE ALL SET TO NUKE THEIR COUNTRY INTO OBLIVION JUST TO BE RID OF HIM...!



IT WASN'T ONLY WHAT IDI DID, IT WAS WHAT HE SAID, AS WELL, THAT GOT HIM ON THE INTERNATIONAL SHITLIST!



LIKE THE TIME HE NAMED HIMSELF "PRESIDENT, KING, CHANCELLOR, PREMIER, CONQUERER AND MASTER OF THE CONTINENT OF AFRICA, AND UGANDA IN PARTICULAR!"



YET WHILE EVERYONE WAS TRYING TO FIGURE HIM OUT, SLY-AS-A-SNAKE IDI WAS MAKING READY TO TAKE OVER AFRICA PERMANENTLY... AND THROW THE REST OF THE WORLD IN AS A SORT OF CRACKER-JACK PRIZE!



WHAT HE DID WAS ENLIST THE AID OF A FEW NAZI SCIENTISTS LEFT OVER FROM THE GRAND AND GLORIOUS DAYS OF WORLD WAR II. AGED, BORDERING ON THE SENILE, BUT NONTHELESS-SENILELY BRILLIANT, HE PAID THEM HANDSOMELY TO CONCOCT A WEAPON THAT WOULD OBLITERATE ANYONE NOT OF HIS MASTER RACE!"



THESE "ETHNIC WEAPONS," AS THEY WERE CALLED, WERE NOT SOMETHING TOTALLY NEW. HITLER HAD HIS SCIENTISTS WORKING ON THEM IN 1939, AS AN EFFECTIVE PERMANENT SOLUTION TO THE "JEWISH PROBLEM."

FORTUNATELY, THOUGH, HITLER'S WEAPONS WERE NEVER PERFECTED. THEY JUST DIDN'T HAVE THE SCIENTIFIC KNOW-HOW BACK THEN TO ISOLATE AND IDENTIFY THOSE SPECIFIC GENES WHICH DETERMINED INDIVIDUAL RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

LACKING THAT, IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO COME UP WITH THE RIGHT COMBINATION TO PRODUCE RACIALLY SELECTIVE WEAPONS!



BUT IDI HAD FIFTY YEARS OF TECHNOLOGY ON HIS IDOL ADOLF. IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, HE HAD HIS ETHNIC ARSENAL: SMALL, COMPACT CONVENTIONAL MISSILES, THAT WHEN LAUNCHED, COULD EFFECTIVELY DECIMATE ANYONE AND EVERYONE OF WHITE, RED, BROWN, YELLOW OR EVEN POLKA-DOT COMPLEXION.'

ONLY IDI AMIN'S **BLACK MASTER RACE** WOULD BE **SPARED**! AT LAST HE HAD THE MEANS TO MAKE HIMSELF **MASTER OF AFRICA AND THE WORLD!**

MAYBE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE... ONE LAST PYGMEAN HOPE THAT I CAN REACH THE ELECTRICAL OUTLET... AND PULL THE GENERATOR PLUG...!

NATURALLY, THE C.I.A., F.B.I., I.U.D. AD INFINITUM GOT **WIND** OF HIS DASTARDLY SCHEME. ALL OF THEM, NO DOUBT, SENT THEIR AGENTS INTO UGANDA IN A BELATED LAST-PITCH ATTEMPT TO THWART THE MADMAN'S DESIGNS.



"**DISPOSAL**" WAS THE PLAY, BUT ONLY **D.D.T.** HAD THE FORESIGHT TO REALIZE THAT ASSASSINATION WOULD **NEVER WORK**, CHIEFLY BECAUSE "IDI'S STATE RESEARCH BUREAU... HIS SECRET POLICE... HAD HIM **TOO WELL GUARDED!**"



WE GAMBLED THAT EASY IDI WOULDN'T DARE LOOSE HIS ETHNIC MISSILES IF THERE WERE THE REMOTEST POSSIBILITY OF HIS BEING ON THE RECEIVING END OF THEIR "WARHEADS"



YET, THERE DIDN'T SEEM MUCH CHANCE OF THAT AS LONG AS HE RETAINED THE SKINTONE OF A STUMP-TAILED APE!

VISIONS OF THAT ANCIENT HOLLYWOOD FILM FLOODED MY BRAIN... WHEREIN A RESPECTABLE BLACK ACCOUNTANT AWOKE ONE MORNING TO FIND HIMSELF AN ALABASTER SHADE OF WHITE.



WHY COULDN'T THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO IDI AMIN, I ASKED? THE ANSWER WAS SIMPLE, IT COULD!

SO "OPERATION: WATERMELON MAN" WENT INTO PLAY, AND OUR BOYS DOWN IN THE DIRTY TRICKS LAB BEGAN COMING UP WITH ALL KINDS OF MARVELOUS WAYS TO TRANSFORM IDI AMIN INTO AN ALBINO.



WE REASONED THAT IF IDI AMIN, OF ALL PEOPLE, COULD WORK WONDERS DELVING INTO OUR GENES, WHY THEN COULDN'T WE WREAK UTTER HAVOC ON HIS?

AND YET, IF WE WERE GOING TO TAMPER WITH GENES, WHY LIMIT OURSELVES TO SIMPLY ALTERATION OF SKIN TONE? A UNIVERSE OF OPPORTUNITY BECAME OURS FOR THE TAKING. WE IMAGINED IDI AS EVERYTHING FROM A SPINELESS BLOB TO A MALAYAN WARTHOG.



EVENTUALLY, WE SETTLED ON A FORM THAT ESPOUSED ALL THAT IDI DESPISED: WHITE, ANGLO-SAXON AND FEMALE. IT WAS PERFECT!

YEAH! THAT WOULD BE NICE, UNFORTUNATELY, MY CUPBOARD IS BARE, EXCEPT FOR SOME MOLDY RATMEAT LEFT OVER FROM LAST WEEK'S RAID ON THE SLIME-MUTES!



WE PUSHED ALL THE RIGHT GENETIC BUTTONS AND CAME UP WITH A **POWDER** THAT WHEN APPLIED TO THE **SKIN** WOULD PRODUCE THE DESIRED EFFECTS. WE BRIED A MAID TO SPINKLE THE POWDER FREELY ON IDI'S **CHARMIN**, THEN SMUGLY SAT BACK AND WAITED FOR HIM TO DO THE **REST**!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, HIS SENTIMENT FOR HIS NEW-FOUND CHARMS WERE FAR LESS THAN OVERWHELMINGLY ENTHUSIASTIC. AFTER HE FINISHED BANGING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, HE SIMPLY SLUMPED INTO A CHAIR...AND CRIED.



OL' ID HAD ALWAYS CONSIDERED WOMEN **PLAYTHINGS**... MECHANISMS TO BE USED, **WALKED UPON** AND **DOMINATED**. BUT TO SUDDENLY WAKE UP AND FIND HIMSELF IN A WOMAN'S BODY...! GOD! THE UTTER HUMILIATION OF IT ALL!



IT DIDN'T TAKE A GREAT DEAL OF TIME FOR OUR CONCOCTION TO TAKE **EFFECT**. ONE NIGHT OL' IDI WENT TO BED, SUSPECTING NOT A THING. THE NEXT MORNING HE AWAKENED TO THE SURPRISE OF HIS LASCIVIOUS YOUNG LIFE...!







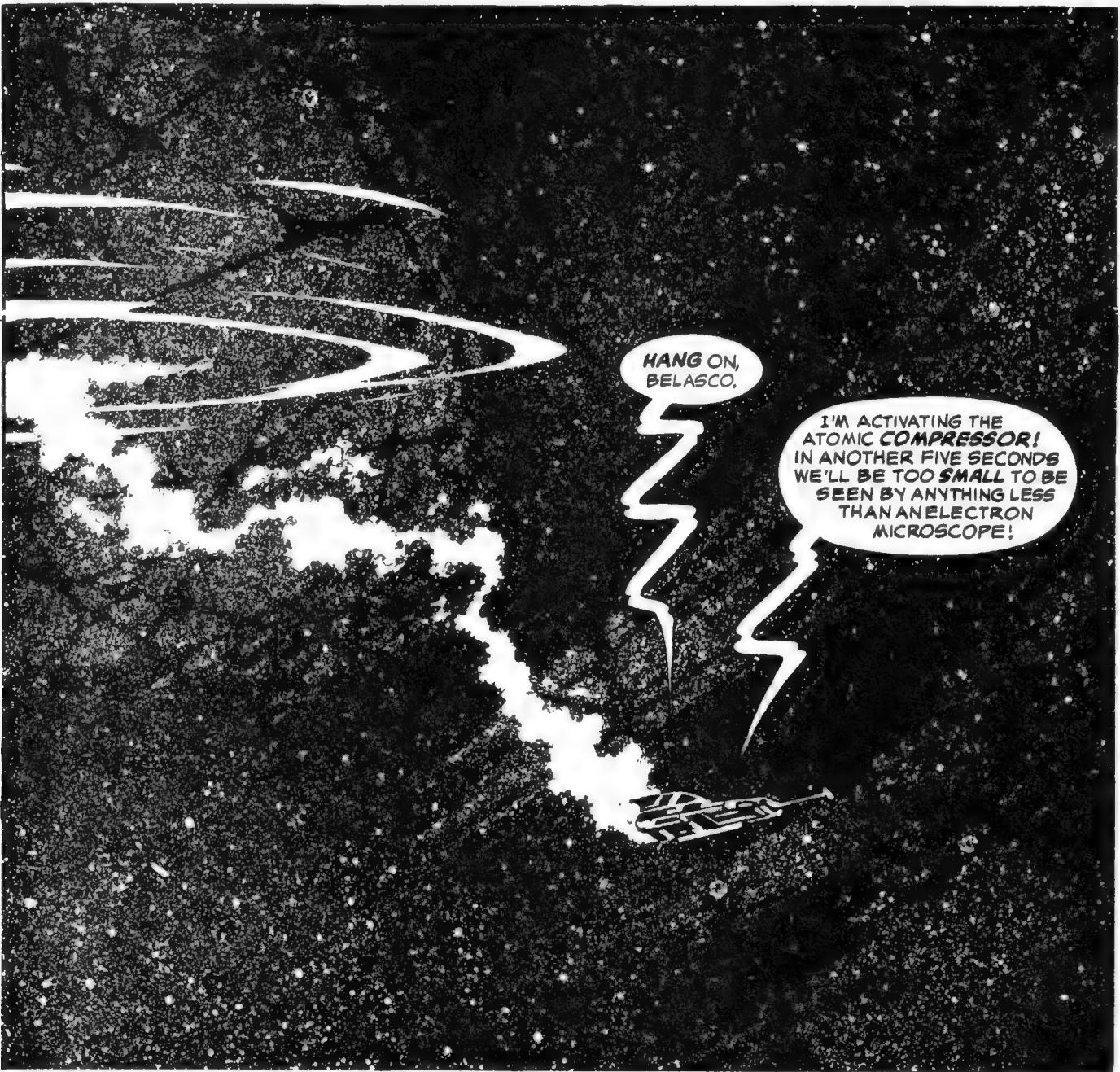






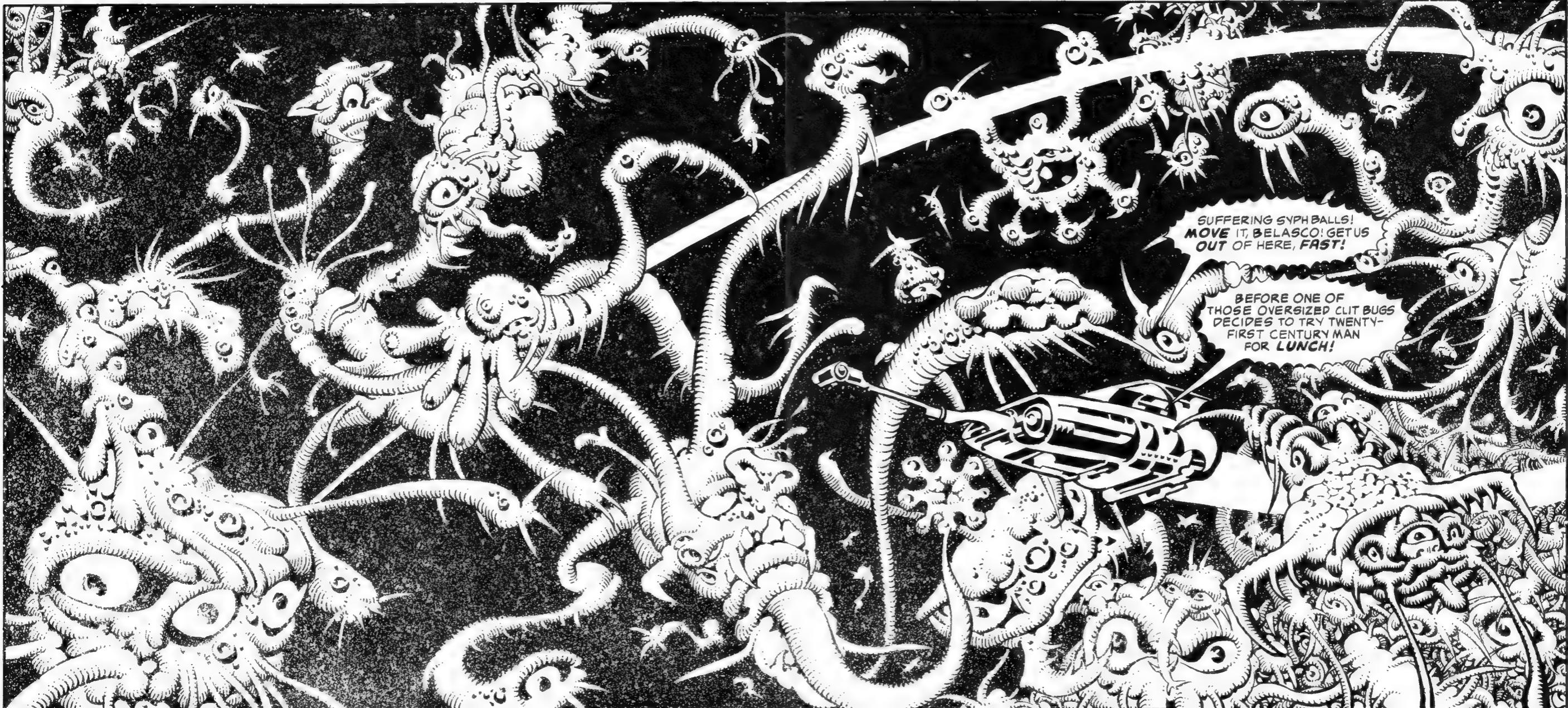














AND... UNBEKNOWNST TO THE SCIENTISTS OF THE FUTURE, A STRANGE, ALIEN VESSEL BOBS SERENELY ON THE VIRGIN WATERS OF EARTH'S DISTANT PAST...! TWO GODS INHABITING ITS DECKS!

＊＊＊＊＊

＊＊＊＊＊

\* SHEEE-IT, ZORBB...! HOW CAN YOU DEFILE A VIRGIN WORLD LIKE THAT?

\*\* WHAT DEFILE? NATURE CALLS... AND I ANSWER! LIKE THEY SAY...Y'GOTTA GO...Y'GOTTA GO!

＊＊＊＊＊

R-R-RIP!  
PLOP!  
POOP!

\* IT'S NOT THE KIND OF THING Y'WANNA LEAVE FLOATING AROUND IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE, Y'KNOW! NO TELLIN' WHO'S WINDSHIELD IT MIGHT HIT!

＊＊＊＊＊

＊＊＊＊＊

\* BESIDES...! WHAT'S IT TO HURT? TWENTY BILLION YEARS FROM NOW... THAT TURD MIGHT EVEN EVOLVE INTO THE DOMINANT LIFE SPECIES OF THIS PLANET!

\*\* RIGHT! A PLANET FULL OF WALKING TURDS! OH, ZORBB... YOU'RE A CARD!

# MUTANT WORLD

WHATCHA SEE, BUGS?  
Y'SEE SOME FOOD,  
DO YA... DO YA...  
DO YA?

NAW! JUST THE SAME,  
STARK, DEVASTATED  
LANDSCAPE THERE  
ALWAYS IS. NOTHING  
THAT MIGHT--! OOPS!  
WAIT A MINUTE. SOME-  
THIN'S MOVIN' OUT  
THERE.

IS IT FOOD, BUGS? HUH?  
HUH? IS IT FOOD?

CAN'T MAKE IT OUT! LOOKS  
LIKE SOMETHIN' WALKIN'  
ON TWO LEGS.

LEMME SEE!  
LEMME SEE!

AW, IT'S JUST THAT DUMB MUTANT  
DIMENTO. HE SEEMS TO BE  
CARRYING SOME KIND OF SACK!

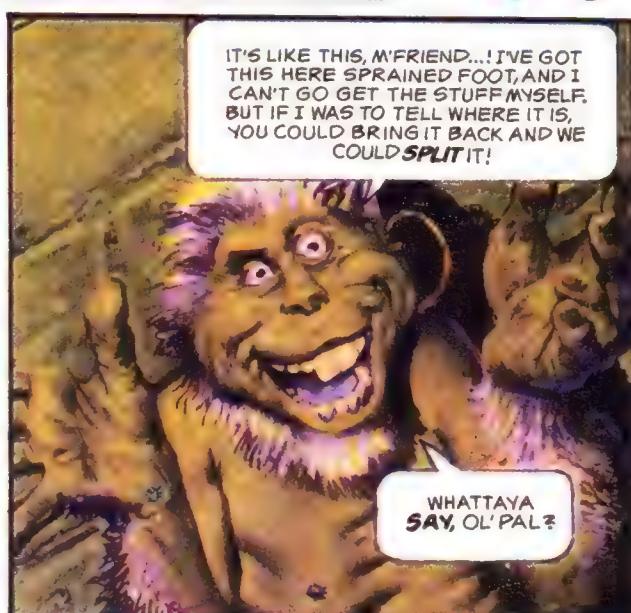
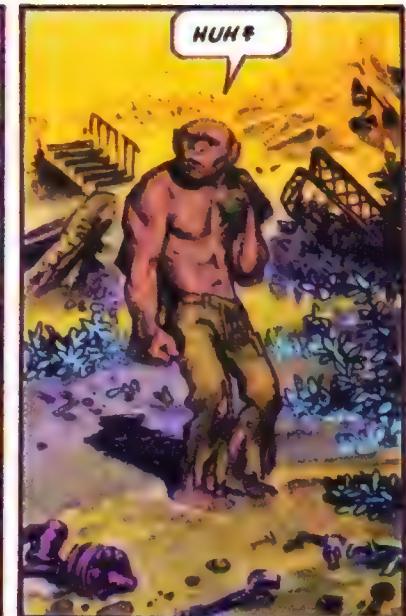
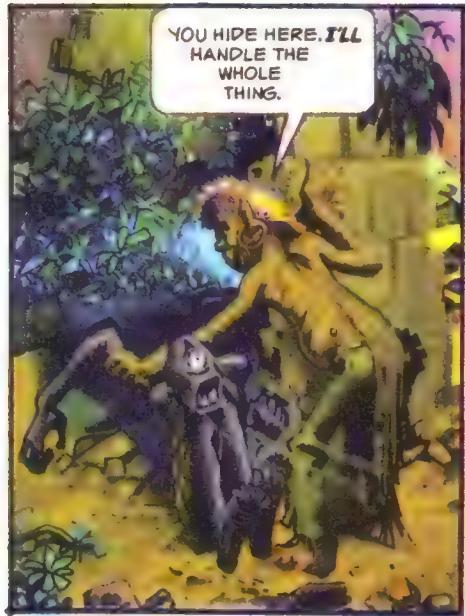
MAYBE WE  
COULD EAT  
HIM, BUGS!  
HUH? MAYBE  
...MAYBE!

AKKKK! BUGS! LOOKY... LOOK  
HE HAS FOOD, BUGS! YUMMY  
YUMMY FOOOOOD!

Y'DON'T  
SAY...!

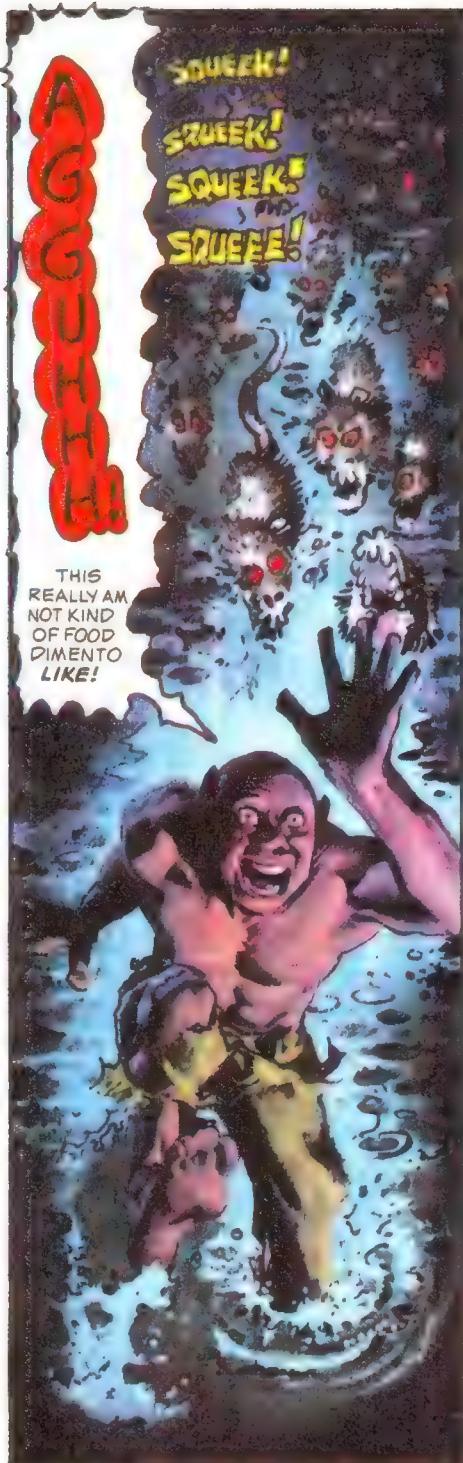
ARE WE GONNA TAKE THE  
FOOD, BUGS? ARE WE GONNA  
BASH HIS BRAINS IN? HUH?  
ARE WE... ARE WE?

FOOD... YES!  
BRAINS... NO!  
I'VE GOT A  
BETTER IDEA.











IS POSSIBLE  
BUGS TRICK  
DIMENTO! ME  
ASK HIM!

BLANG!



G-GONE!



OH...! WHY DIMENTO SO DUMB?  
WHY DIMENTO NOT SMART  
LIKE BUGS? IT NOT FAIR!

BOK  
BOK  
BOK  
BOK



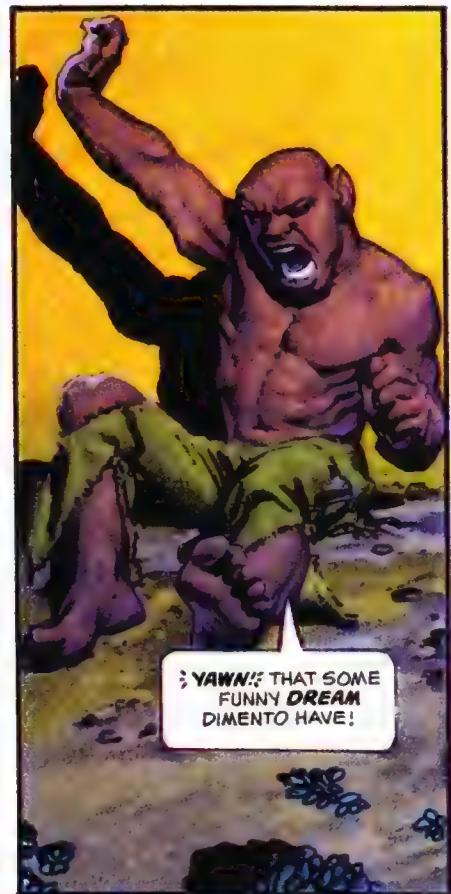
EVERYBODY TRICK  
DIMENTO! DIMENTO GOT  
NO FRIENDS! DIMENTO TOO  
DUMB FOR FRIENDS!

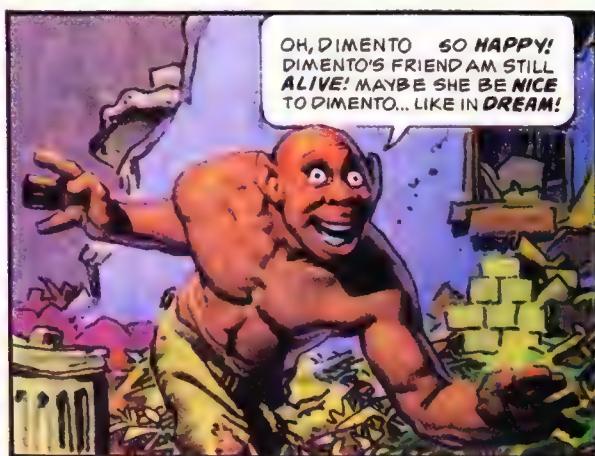


NOBODY LIKE  
DIMENTO! EVERYBODY  
HATE DIMENTO! THAT IS  
WAY IT IS!

SNIFF!







NEXT ISSUE: THE BIG SURPRISE OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF ALL NEW FULL-COLOR DROBEN CLASSICS!

ARRGGH!

OH, QUIT BITCHIN'  
STANLEY! I AM NOT  
GOING TOO FAST!

YOU'RE SUCH A  
PRUDE! IF YOU FEEL  
LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO  
GET SICK, STICK YOUR  
HEAD OUT THE  
WINDOW!

NO, I CAN'T SLOW  
DOWN! BARSIDIAN'S  
GOT HALF A SYSTEM ON  
US AS IT IS!

AND EITHER WE  
CATCH HIM NOW...OR  
WE KISS HIM OFF  
FOREVER!

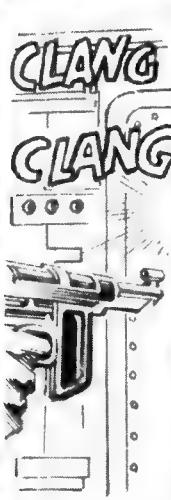
HOT DAMN!  
YOU'RE RIGHT!  
THAT IS HIM! THE  
INDEFATIGABLE  
OMAR  
BARSIDIAN...

...ONE OF THE  
HANDSOMEST, MOST  
DESIRABLE LAYS IN  
THE QUADRANT!

AND  
HE'S ALL  
OURS!

**BRING ME THE HEAD  
OF OMAR BARSIDIAN!**







WHAT A SNUFFING  
SHAME! AND TO THINK  
I ONCE THOUGHT OMAR  
WAS ONE HELLUVA  
GUY!

OH, STANLEY! I WAS  
SO YOUNG THEN! I WAS NEVER  
SERIOUS ABOUT OMAR! THAT  
WAS SIMPLE SCHOOL-  
GIRL INFATUATION!

WELL... THERE WAS A  
BOY ONCE...! BUT THAT  
WAS WAY BACK IN THIRD  
GRADE! I WOULD HAVE  
DONE ANYTHING FOR  
HIM... IF ONLY HE  
WOULD HAVE ASKED!  
BUT NO, HE PRE-  
FERRED ALLISON  
HEARTCHEER!

AAAAAA?

STANLEY! YOU  
KNOW YOU'RE THE  
ONLY ONE...! YOU AND  
JOHNNY AND ARNOLD  
AND HAPPY JIM  
SUNBLASTER!

THOSE IRREPRESSIBLE  
EYES... THAT IRRESISTIBLE  
SMILE... THOSE DELECTABLE,  
ELEPHANTINE ORGANS OF  
YOURS! ;OOOOOH! ; YOU  
MAKE ME ALL GUSHY  
WITH PASSION!

YOU'RE MY  
FAVORITE, OF COURSE!  
JUST LOOKING AT YOU  
MAKES ME TINGLY  
ALL OVER!

OH, STANLEY... YOU  
SAY THE SWEETEST  
THINGS!

AH! HOME AT LAST,  
MY LOVE! ORGASTY...THE  
CITY OF UNBRIDLED PASSION...!  
HAVEN OF THE  
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE!

DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
MUCH FROM UP HERE, BUT  
BOY, WHEN THEY ROMP...  
DOES THAT OL' TOWN  
SMOLDER!

ЭЭЭ-ЛЪ!

YES, I GUESS  
WE'D BETTER GET  
ON DOWN AND **REPORT**  
TO TURN-TAIL  
CENTRAL!

THEY'LL WANT  
TO **STUFF** OMAR'S  
HEAD AND PUT IT  
ON DISPLAY IN  
THE DEFECTOR'S  
GALLERY!

IT'S REALLY A  
SHAME, THOUGH, THAT  
THERE ISN'T SOME  
OTHER WAY TO DIS-  
COURAGE RUN-  
AWAYS! WE HAVE  
A REPUTATION TO  
UPHOLD, AND WE  
CAN'T HAVE OUT-  
SIDERS THINK-  
ING THAT OUR  
BELOVED ORGASTY  
IS A DRAG!

I JUST DON'T  
UNDERSTAND, STANLEY...  
WHY ANYONE WOULD  
WANT TO GIVE ALL  
THIS UP!

HEY, STAN,  
LOOKY THERE!  
IT'S BIG  
EDDIE!

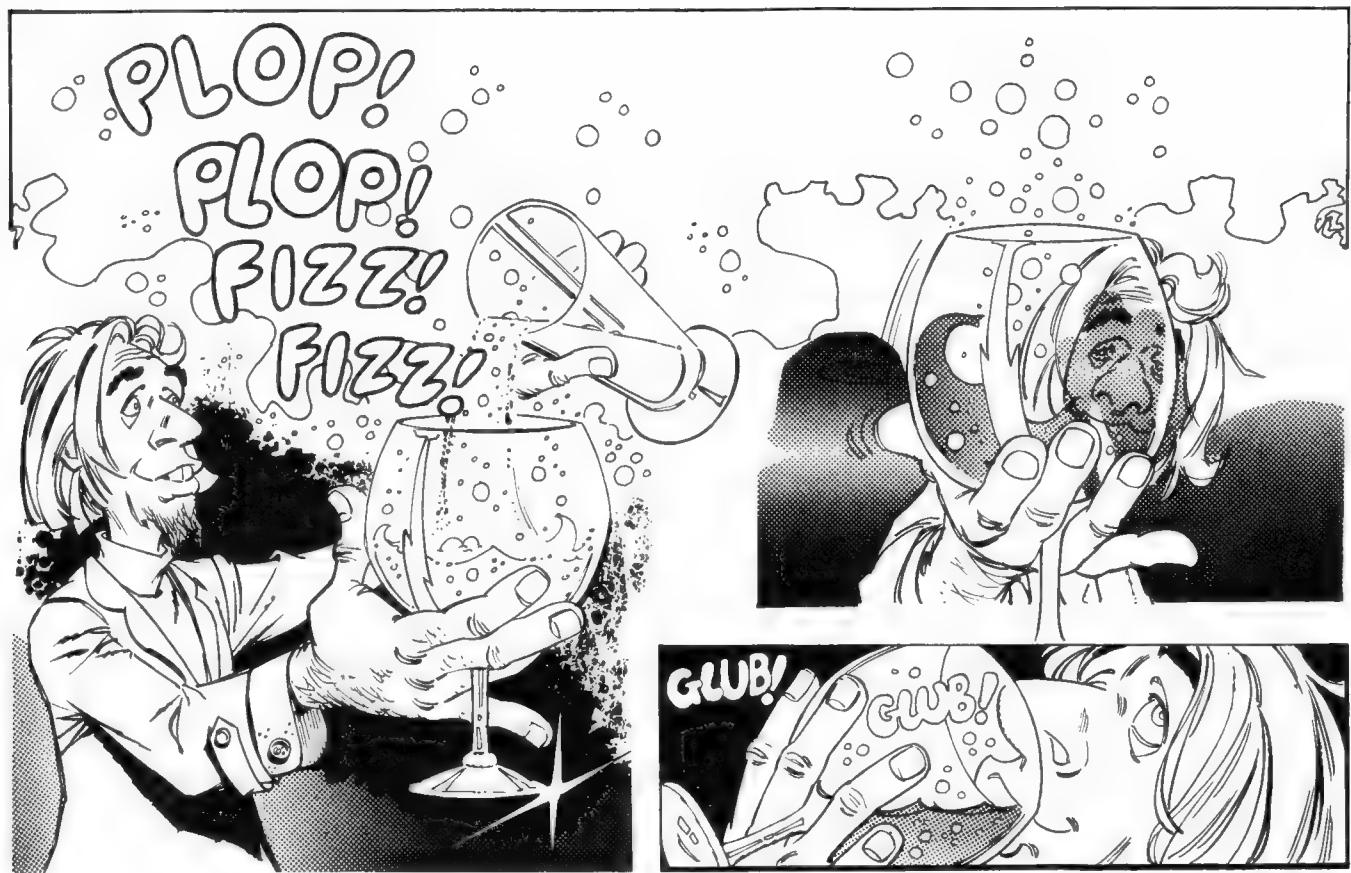
ED, M'MAN...  
HOW'S IT GOIN'?  
HEY, WHAT'S ON  
FOR  
T'NIGHT?

FAR OUT, GUY!  
AND IT'S ALREADY  
STARTED, HUH?  
GOSHAROONIE!  
ME AN' STAN WOULDN'T  
MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

!  
BOY, YOU  
JUST SAID A MOUTH-  
FUL!

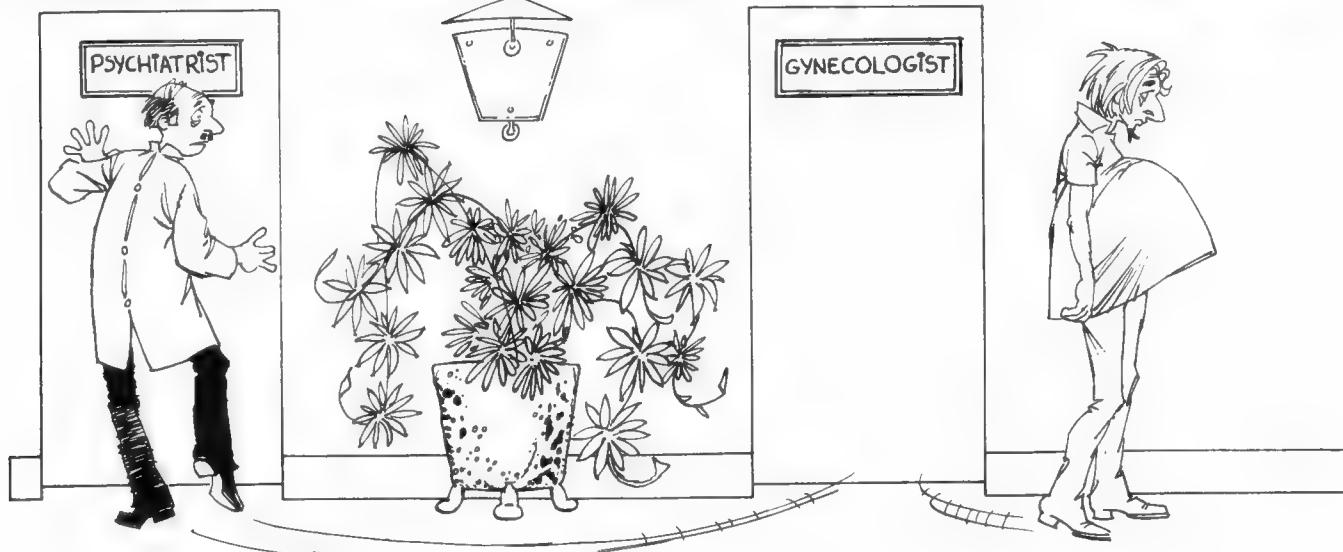
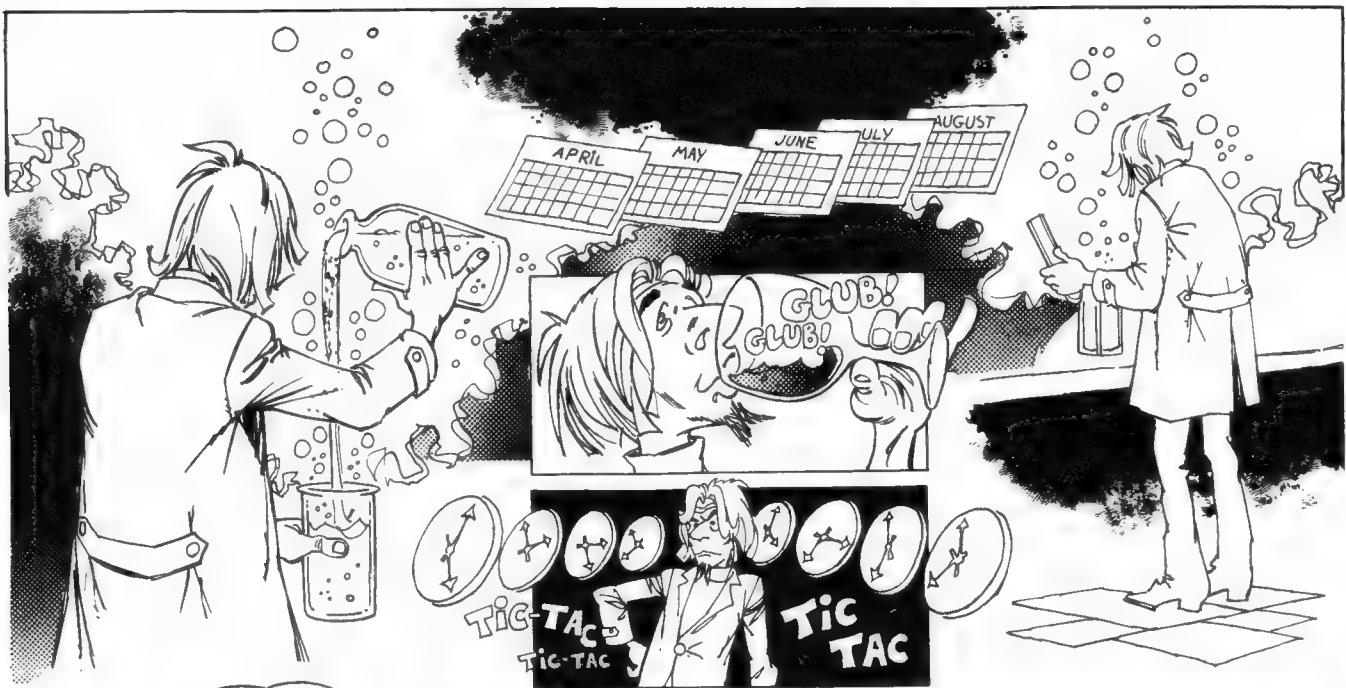
# The STRANGE ADVENTURE of DOCTOR JERKYLL!

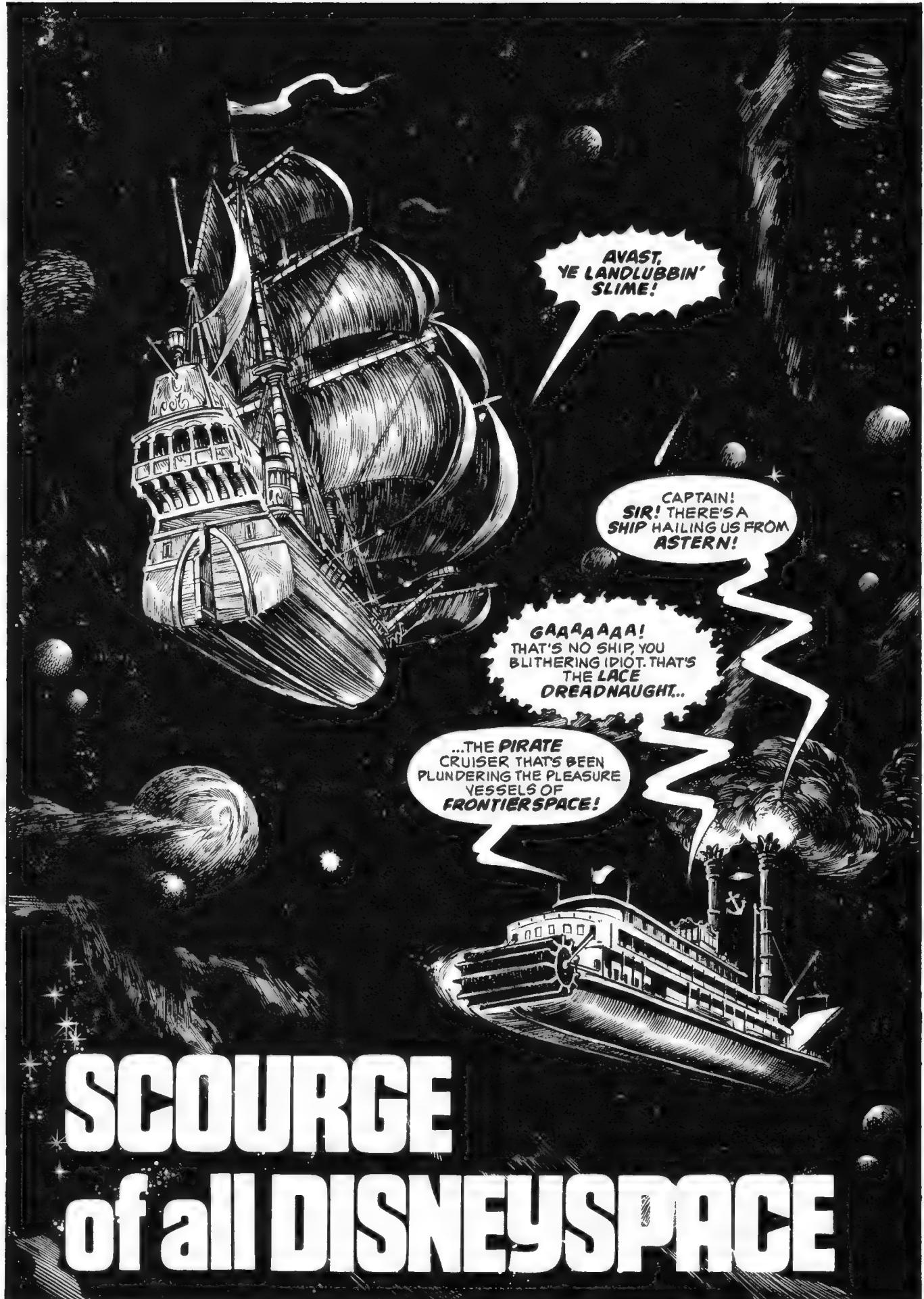






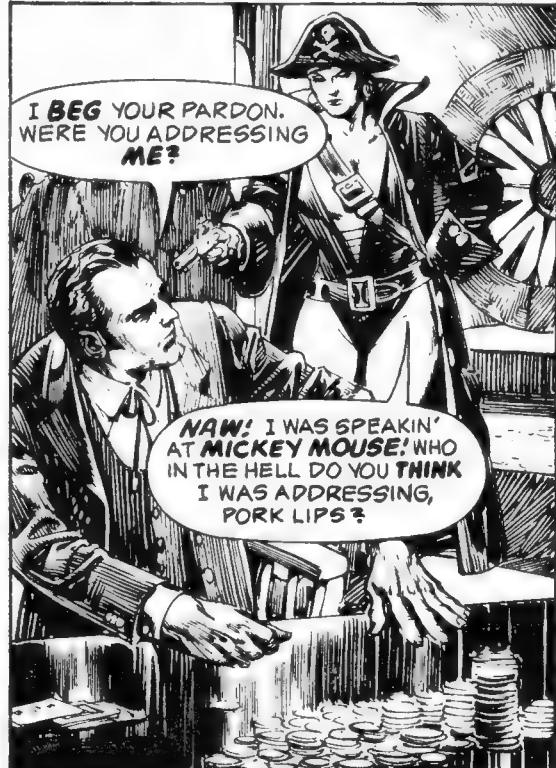






# SCOURGE of all DISNEYSPACE









MMMMMM! YOU'RE A THROWBACK...A MUTANT FROM THE DAYS BEFORE THE WAR, AREN'T YOU? OH, WHAT THE GOOD OLD DAYS MUST'VE BEEN LIKE FOR MA!

LISTEN...! Y'THINK YOU CAN GIVE ME ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION?

IM REALLY NOT SURE THAT I SHOULD. I MEAN...I DON'T HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF EXPERTISE IN THESE MATTERS...

...AND THERE IS SIMPLY NO TELLING WHEN IT MAY RUN DRY.

I UNDERSTAND. YOU DON'T WANT TO DEPRIVE OTHER WOMEN. HOW THOUGHTFUL.

UNFORTUNATELY, I AM NOT AS CONSIDERATE! WITH OR WITHOUT YOU ATTACHED, YOUR "DEVICE" IS COMING WITH ME! A CAPTAIN MUST SHARE THE PLUNDER WITH HER CREW, YOU KNOW!

IT IS MY DUTY TO SEE THAT THEY AT LEAST MAKE A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO DRAIN IT DRY!

YOUR OFFER IS SO GRACEFUL, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN REFUSE.

COME, GIRLS! OUR PIRATING DAYS ARE OVER! I'VE FOUND AN INFINITELY MORE PLEASURABLE WAY TO PASS THE TIME!

MURRAY! DISNEY SPACE IS SAVED!

SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THE REVOLUTION IS OVER...!

YEAH! I THINK THE DISGRUNTLED LADIES OF MOTHERS' LIB HAVE FINALLY FOUND WHAT THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

BUT I WONDER WHAT THAT GUY HAS THAT WE DON'T?

WHATEVER IT IS... IT'S GOT TO BE A WHOLE LOT MORE INTERESTING THAN WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

IMPOSSIBLE! WHAT COULD BE MORE FUN THAN DISNEYSPACE?

HIS SECRET MASTERS, THE WAR-MAKERS, HAD SUPPOSED HE WAS ALREADY DEAD. HE WANTED DESPERATELY TO CONTACT THEM, TO LET THEM KNOW HE WAS ALIVE AND WAS PUSHING AHEAD WITH HIS MISSION. BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

THE ENEMY WAS HOT ON HIS HEELS, AND ONLY HIS WITS, AND A SHITLOAD OF LUCK, HAD GOTTEN PIKE THIS FAR: TO A NINTH FLOOR HOTEL ROOM IN SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. YET, THIS IS WHERE PIKE HAD TO BE.

# COMMITTEE

\* COMPLETE MONUMENTAL MILITARY FUCK-UP.

OF THE 12 ORIGINAL SUBNORMS, PIKE ALONE WAS LEFT. THE ELEVEN OTHERS, HIS BROTHERS, WITH WHOM HE HAD TRAINED FOR SO LONG FOR THIS MISSION, ALL WERE DEAD. OR WORSE THAN DEAD. HE DID NOT KNOW WHICH.



IN ANY CASE, IT WAS UP TO PIKE ALONE TO PULL OFF THIS MIRACLE NOW.

WORST OF IT WAS, PIKE WAS NOT ALL THAT CLEAR AS TO WHAT HIS MISSION WAS ABOUT. THE SUBNORMS ACTED AS A UNIT, AND CERTAIN KEY PARTS OF THE MISSION WERE, FOR PURPOSES OF SECURITY, NOT REVEALED TO HIM. WITHOUT THE OTHERS, PIKE WAS HELPLESSLY ADrift IN ENEMY TERRITORY.



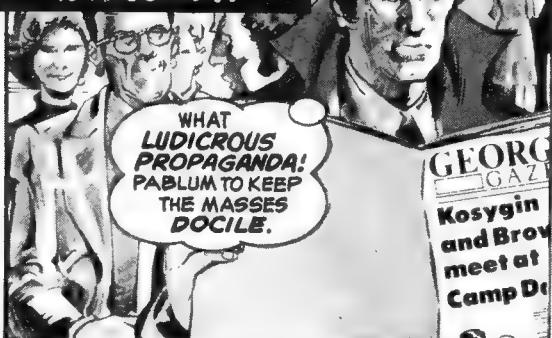
IT WOULD BE FUNNY, IF IT WEREN'T SO TRAGICALLY IMPORTANT.

PIKE FELL HEAVILY INTO THE CHAIR, PLAYING IT OVER IN HIS MIND. SOMEBODY SCREWED UP. SOMEBODY LET THE ENEMY GET THEIR CLAWS ON THE SUBNORM MISSION FILE. AND NOW HIS MISSION... HIS LIFE, WERE IN JEOPARDY.

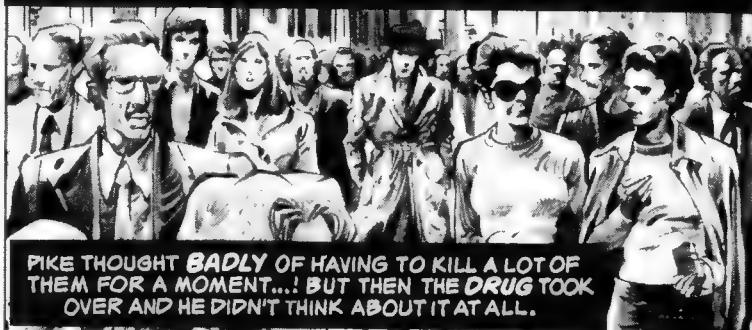


THEY WERE IN MIAMI, HIS HUNTERS. ROUNDING HIS BROTHERS UP BEFORE THEY EVEN KNEW THEY WERE UPON THEM. IF PIKE HADN'T STRAYED FROM THE OTHER SUBNORMS FOR THAT SHORT MOMENT, HE WOULD BE SHARING HIS COMRADES' DARK FATE.

IF HE ONLY COULD GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO THE WAR-MAKERS... A CALL, A TELEGRAM... HE NEEDED VERIFICATION, CLARIFICATION. GOD-DAMN IT, HOW WAS HE TO PROCEED???

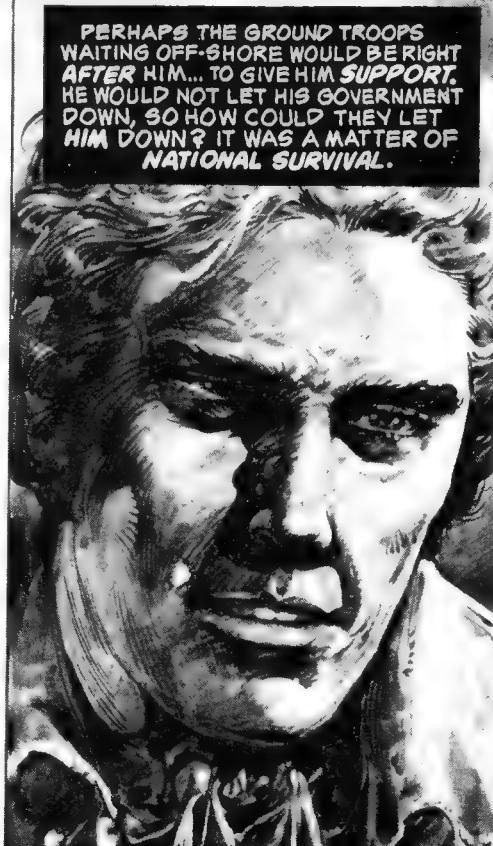


AS PIKE WAS PULLED ALONG WITH THE CURRENTS OF THE STREET, HE MARVELED AT THE PEOPLE HE SAW. SO CASUAL, HE THOUGHT. SO BLITHELY UNCONCERNED. THE SHIFTLESS BASTARDS WHO HAD THEM UNDER THEIR COLLECTIVE THUMB WERE STEALING THEM BLIND! STEALING THEIR WAGES WITH MONUMENTAL TAXES... STEALING THEIR FREEDOMS...! AND STILL THEY WERE ABLE TO MOVE ABOUT AS THOUGH THEIR LIVES HAD WORTH.



BY THE TIME PIKE RETURNED TO THE HOTEL HE WANTED TO KILL SO BAD HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. AFTER ALL, IT WAS HIS MISSION, WHAT HE HAD TRAINED FOR. IT WAS TOO GODDAMN IMPORTANT FOR HIM TO BE IN ANY OTHER STATE OF MIND.

PERHAPS THE GROUND TROOPS WAITING OFF-SHORE WOULD BE RIGHT AFTER HIM... TO GIVE HIM SUPPORT. HE WOULD NOT LET HIS GOVERNMENT DOWN, SO HOW COULD THEY LET HIM DOWN? IT WAS A MATTER OF NATIONAL SURVIVAL.



AND IF HE HAD TO DIE, WELL... HE'D DO IT WITH FIREWORKS.

HAPPY TRAIIIIILS TO YOOOOOOOU... UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN! HAPPY TRAIIIIILS TO YOU... KEEP SMI-I-I-LIN' UNTIL THE-E-E-EN!



PRESS RELEASE

Senate Hearing 3114 Transcript  
SENATOR BOND: General Haskell, you understand that this is only a hearing, you determine whether grounds exist, to your dismissal. As this is only a hearing, you are under no obligation to answer, any of the questions should you desire, not to! Is all that clear, General?

GENERAL HASKELL: Quite clear, Senator.

VERY WELL. PLEASE BEGIN BY TELLING US ABOUT OPERATION: SUBNORM.

I-I-I DON'T-!

TOP SECURITY

THE PENTAGON  
OPERATION  
SUBNORM

Pike, Aaron  
301 06:324

OH, WE'RE NOT STARTING OUT AT ALL WELL, ARE WE, GENERAL?

YOU KNEW THAT OPERATION: SUBNORM WOULD BE THE MAJOR TOPIC OF CONCERN AT THIS HEARING. IF YOU'RE UNPREPARED, WE CAN FORGET THE HEARING AND TALK ABOUT IT AGAIN AT YOUR TRIAL.

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, SENATOR. OPERATION: SUBNORM IS A PLAN DESIGNED TO MOBILIZE TWELVE POTENTIALLY EXPLOSIVE INDIVIDUALS BEHIND ENEMY LINES. IT'S AN INTERESTING PLAN, NOT A GOOD PLAN, BUT INTERESTING.

EXCUSE ME... "POTENTIALLY EXPLOSIVE INDIVIDUALS?" WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

UM, USUALLY, DISORIENTED OR SEVERELY ALIENATED PERSONS, PREFERABLY THOSE CAPABLE OF SUPERIOR AGGRESSION.

YOU MEAN, HOMICIDAL MANIACS, DON'T YOU? PSYCHOS? INCURABLE LUNATICS STRAIGHT FROM CUCKOOLAND?

I WAS TRYING TO BE POLITE!

AND WHAT FUNCTION WERE THESE MENTAL MISFITS SUPPOSED TO SERVE BEHIND ENEMY LINES?

BASICALLY, CIVILIAN DECELERATION.

PLEASE, GENERAL. WE ONLY SPEAK ENGLISH HERE.

ER... OF COURSE. TERRORISM... MASS-KILLING... STUFF LIKE THAT. ONLY AS NECESSARY, OF COURSE. I MEAN, WE DON'T GO APE-SHIT ABOUT IT.

SO... OPERATION: SUBNORM IS A SECRET PLAN BY THE PENTAGON TO SEND A DOZEN PSYCHOPATHIC ZOMBIES INTO A FOREIGN COUNTRY TO COMMIT TERRORISM AND MURDER CIVILIANS?

ONLY AS NECESSARY, SENATOR. I CANNOT STRESS THAT STRONGLY ENOUGH. ARBITRARY ZAPPING OF CIVILIANS IS NOT NORMAL MILITARY POLICY.

WHAT IS THE PENTAGON'S OPINION OF THE AARON PIKE AFFAIR?

OOPS.

THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT HAS ALREADY FORWARDED ITS APOLOGIES TO THE BEREAVED PARTIES. I MYSELF HAVE WRITTEN SEVERAL LETTERS TO THAT EFFECT.

"OOPS?" IS THAT A SINCERE, HEARTFELT "OOPS," OR IS THAT JUST A STANDARD MILITARY ISSUE "OOPS?" BECAUSE, WHEN I RETURN TO GEORGIA TOMORROW, I WANT TO BE ABLE TO TELL THE FAMILIES OF PIKE'S VICTIMS THAT THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT IS PROPERLY REGRETFUL AND APOLOGETIC.

ROLL UP! ROLL UP,  
FOR THE  
MYSTERY TOUR!

YOU'RE A TERRIFIC GENERAL, GENERAL. TELL US ABOUT AARON PIKE.

YOU ALREADY HAVE MY BRIEF.

NO, PLEASE, TELL IT ALOUD. IT'S MORE PRECIOUS FROM YOUR OWN LIPS.

AARON PIKE WAS A MEMBER OF A TWELVE-MAN SUBNORM TEAM THAT WAS ASSEMBLED SOMETIME EARLY IN 1985. HE WAS RECRUITED, AS WERE ALL THE SUBNORMS, FROM VARIOUS STATE OWNED INSTITUTIONS THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.

MENTAL HOSPITALS?

THAT'S RIGHT.

PIKE WAS A PATIENT?

PIKE WAS A BEDBUG.

I'LL BE GLAD  
WHEN YOU'RE DEAD,  
YOU RASCAL,

AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT WAS  
ESSENTIAL TO THE PLAN  
THAT THE SUBNORM TEAM  
CONSIST ONLY OF  
MADMEN.

PIKE CAME INTO SUBNORM FRESH FROM SHOOTING UP A HEALTH SPA IN DES MOINES.

HE GOT FIGHTIN' MAD THIS REBEL LAD...!

HE WAS A SIMMERER. HE'D STORE UP PRESSURES FOR LONG PERIODS, AND THEN FOR THE MOST TRIVIAL OF REASONS, HE WOULD EXPLODE MOST VIOLENTLY.

SIX PEOPLE AT THE SPA WERE KILLED BECAUSE HE FAILED A 200 POUND CLEAN AND JERK.

SUCH RUTHLESSNESS COULD NOT GO UNTAPPED...

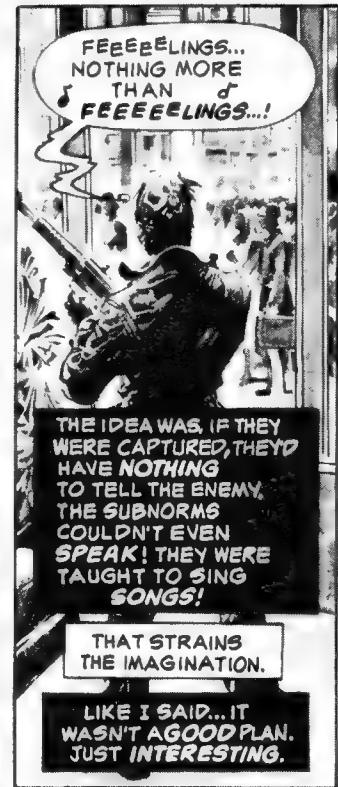
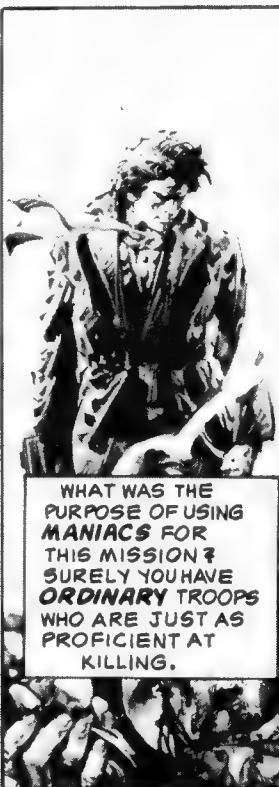
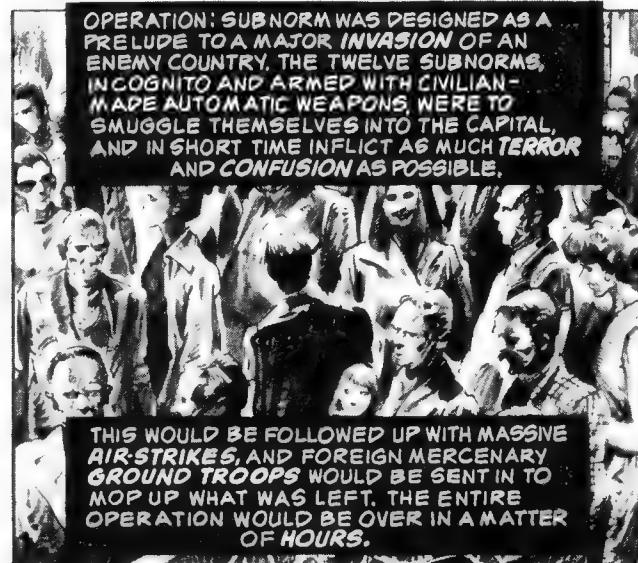
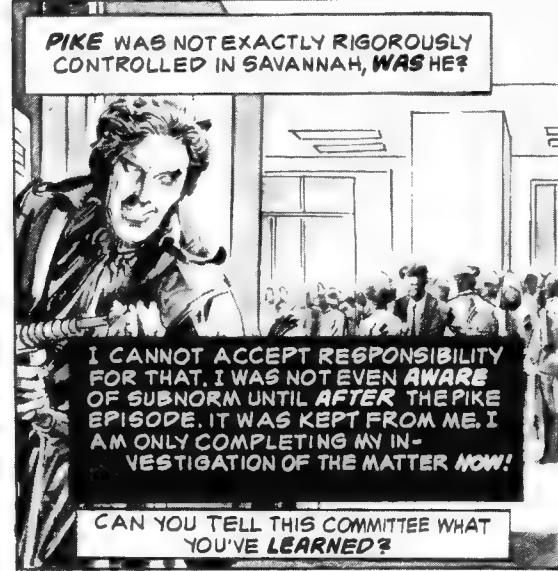
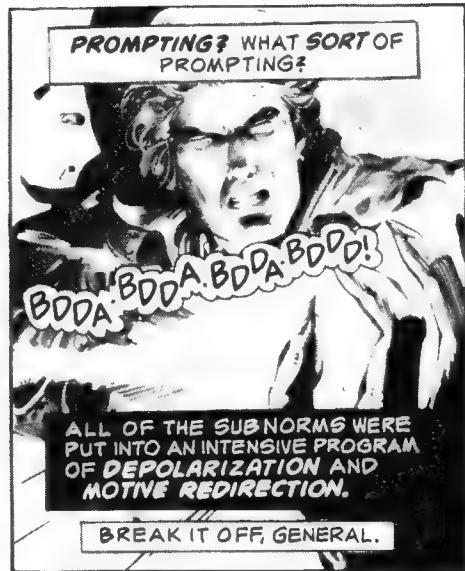
WHAP!

...SO SHORTLY AFTER PIKE WAS COMMITTED TO AN IOWA ASYLUM, IT WAS ARRANGED TO HAVE HIM SECRETLY TRANSFERRED TO A MILITARY BASE IN FLORIDA.

PIKE QUICKLY PROVED HE WAS NO EMPTY PROMISE.

MANY GOOD MEN ARE ASLEEP IN THE DEEP...

WITH PROMPTING, PIKE WAS AMAZING, NAKED AGGRESSION. NO THOUGHTS BUT KILLING. NO HESITATION. MARVELOUS!



WHAT WAS THE **TARGET** COUNTRY FOR THIS INVASION OF SUBNORMS?



**BDDA. BDDA. BDDA. BAKKA. BAKKA. BAKKA.**

THIS IS FROM THE MISSION PROFILE: "...MASSIVE CIVILIAN DECELERATION FOR PURPOSES OF COUNTERACTING THE PROBABLE BUILD-UP OF SOVIET-CONTROLLED MISSILE BASES IN COMMUNIST CUBA!"

YOU MEAN THE ENTIRE OPERATION WAS FOR THE **INVASION OF CUBA**!?

I SAID IT WAS BADLY OUTDATED.

SO HOW THE HELL DID PIKE WIND UP IN **SAVANNAH, GEORGIA**!?

WHILE UNDERGOING TRAINING IN FLORIDA, THE SUBNORMS WERE ROUTINELY INJECTED WITH A VARIETY OF **DRUGS**. DRUGS THAT MADE THEM **HOSTILE**... DRUGS THAT **QUIETED** THEM DOWN AGAIN. THIS WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF EFFECTIVELY CONTROLLING THEIR **BEHAVIOR**.

GO ON...



WELL, AFTER ONE TRAINING SESSION, INSTEAD OF BRINGING THE SUBNORMS **DOWN**, SOME CLOD ACCIDENTALLY SLIPPED THEM AN EXTRA HELPING OF THE **HOSTILITY** STUFF.

THE SUBNORMS QUICKLY OVERPOWERED THEIR GUARDS, SCALED THE FENCE, AND SCRAMBLED ACROSS THE STATE. **THE MISSION WAS ON**.

NATURALLY, SPECIAL UNITS WERE DEVELOPED AT ONCE TO **STOP** THEM. WE GOT THEM ALL BACK AGAIN, SOMEWHERE AROUND MIAMI!...



**BKA. BAKKA. BKK. BKA. BKK. BKA. BKK. BKA. BKK. BKA. BKK. BKA. BKK!**

I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND.

THE POOR GOOF GOT LOST! HE WENT NORTH TO **SAVANNAH** INSTEAD OF SOUTH TO **HAVANA**!



AND WHEN HE GOT THERE, CERTAIN HE WAS WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE, HE HAD **NO CHOICE** BUT TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION OF **TERRORISM AND CIVILIAN DECELERATION**.

THERE'S THE TERM AGAIN. IF I REMEMBER **'CIVILIAN DECELERATION'** WAS A FAVORITE PHRASE OF--! DEAR GOD!

GENERAL HASKELL, EMBARRASSMENT OR NOT, I THINK YOU'D **BETTER** TELL US WHO IT WAS THAT ORIGINATED **OPERATION: SUBNORM**!



SENATOR... AS FAR AS I CAN DETERMINE, SUBNORM WAS THE IDEA OF, EH... **GENERAL "CHIGGERS" ROSENTHAL**.

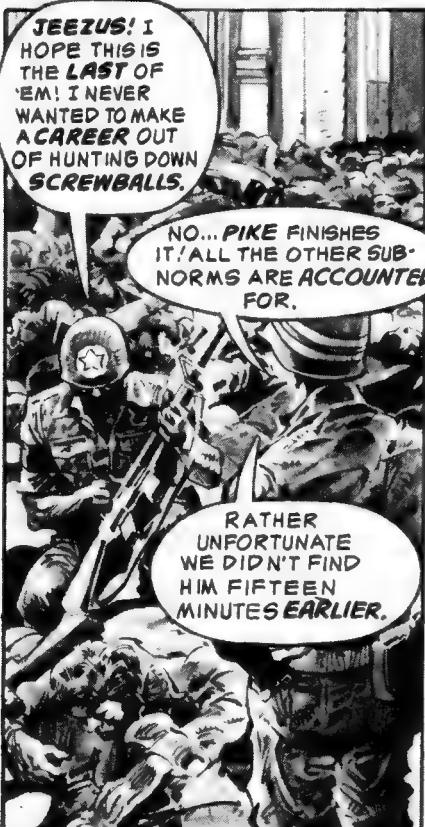
GENERAL ROSENTHAL?! GENERAL HOWARD "CHIGGERS" ROSENTHAL?! ROSENTHAL THE NEANDERTHAL?!

TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER MADE 'EM DO WHAT THEY OUGHTER... CAUSE, IF THEY DIDN'T, THEY'D DIIIEEE...

GENERAL ROSENTHAL WAS VERY BITTER ABOUT THE FAILURE OF THE **BAY OF PIGS** INVASION. SUBNORM MUST HAVE REPRESENTED ANOTHER CHANCE FOR HIM.



SHIT! WHO KNOWS? IF PIKE HAD GONE TO HAVANA INSTEAD OF SAVANNAH, MAYBE CUBA WOULD BE OUR **FIFTY-FIRST STATE**!



# The HARVEST

AH, AUTUMN, WHEN MOTHER NATURE PAINTS THE GREAT OUTDOORS WITH HER MAGICAL PALETTE OF REDS AND YELLOWS AND THE CHILL AIR **TINGLES** YOU TO THE BONE.

THE TIME OF YEAR FOR **THANKSGIVING**... FOR HARVESTING THE CROPS THE GOOD LORD HAS PROVIDED.

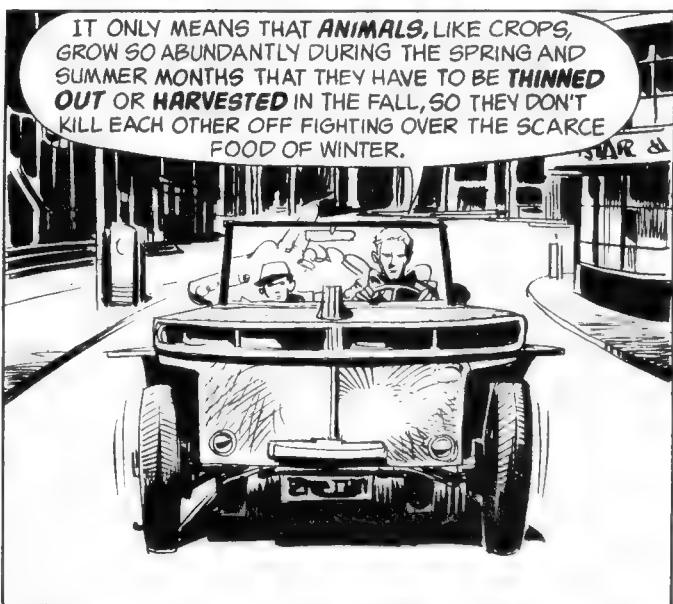
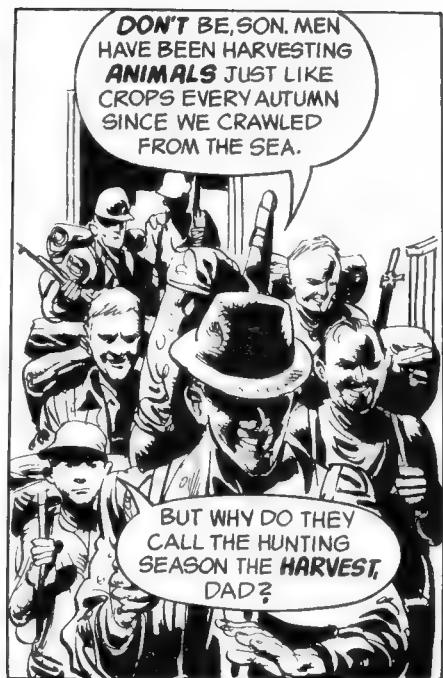


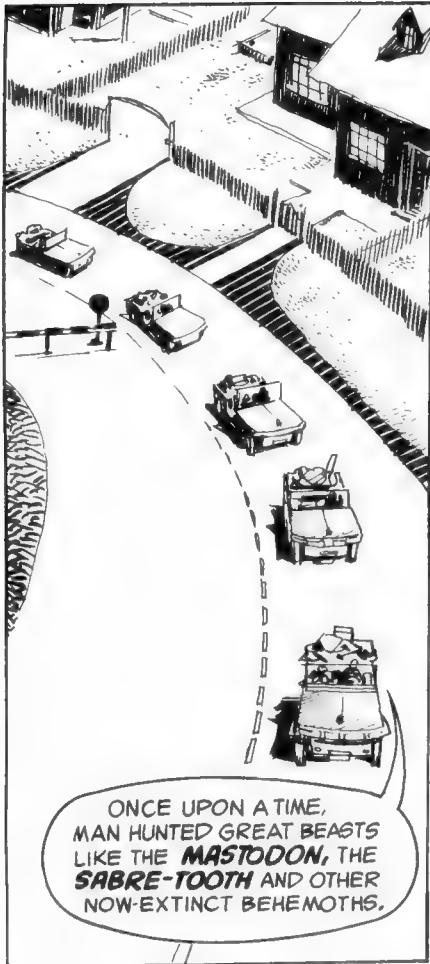
ALWAYS THE POETESS, AREN'T YOU, LIZBETH? WELL, YOU'LL SEE **NONE** OF AUTUMN'S HUES IN **THAT** ASPHALT JUNGLE.

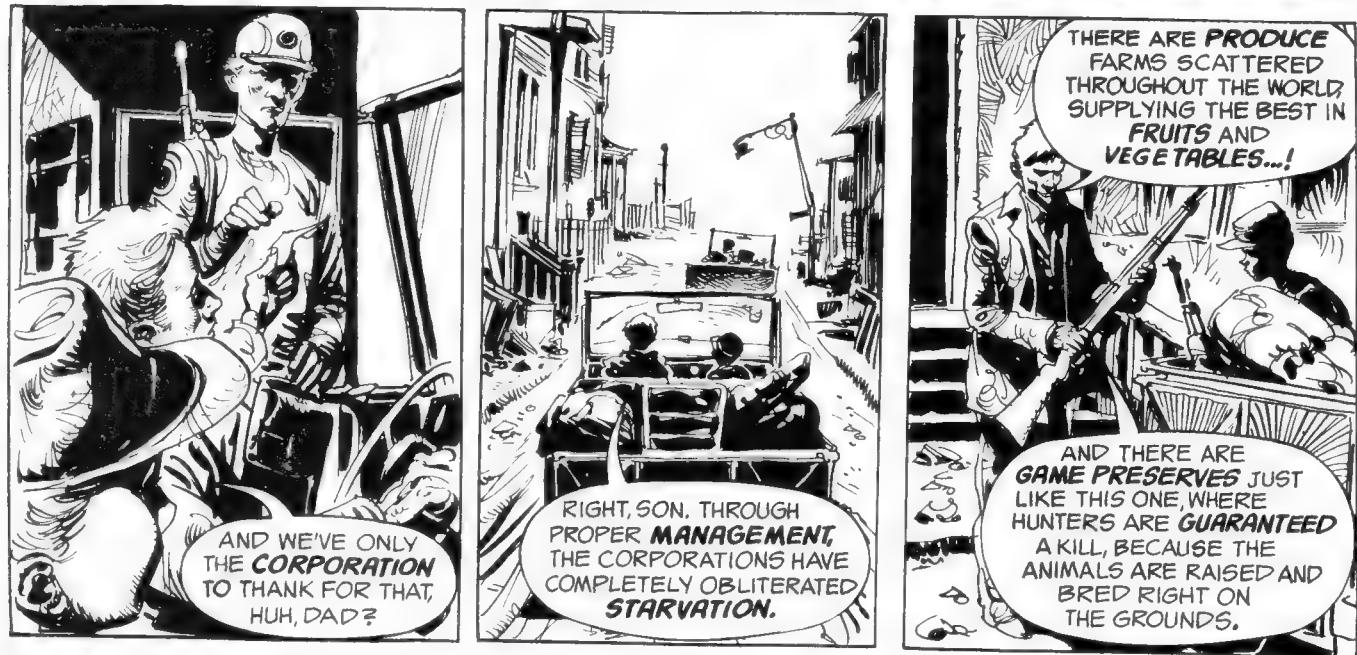
THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF CHILL AIR, THOUGH, AND A **HARVEST** THAT THE CORPORATION HAS PROMISED TO BE **RICHER** THAN EVER.

WE WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED, WE'LL BRING BACK THE BEST WE CAN **FIND**.

















THIS ONE WAS  
PACKIN' SOME PRIME  
VEAL!

# The QUICKIE ADVENTURES OF HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER

GAAAAA! HAPPY JIM...WE'RE UNDER ATTACK BY THE PHILANDERING LECHMEN OF OFFAL IV!

THEY...THEY MUST BE AFTER OUR CARGO OF HORNY HIMALIAN NYMPHMINK!

NIX, SKEEZIX! IT'S MY LATEST ISSUE OF 1984 THEY'RE AFTER! BUT THEY'LL NEVER WREST IT FROM ME INTACT!

IS...IS THAT WHY YOU'RE EATING IT, HAPPY JIM?

THAT'S RIGHT, SKEEZIX! NOT ONLY IS 1984 A VISUAL DELIGHT...BUT IT TASTES PRETTY DARN GOOD, TOO!

CURSES TO YOU, YOU PIG-SKINNED EARTHIAN! MAY THE WIND AT YOUR BACK NEVER BE YOUR OWN!

## HAPPY JIM SAYS:

HEY, KIDS, DON'T BE A SORE-HEADED LECHMAN! IF YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM DOESN'T CARRY 1984, RESERVE YOUR COPIES TODAY! **SUBSCRIBE!**

Okay, Happy Jim, you've convinced me! I need to subscribe to 1984. Enclosed is my  
\$ \_\_\_\_\_ for  Six issues at \$9.00 or  Twelve issues at \$18.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

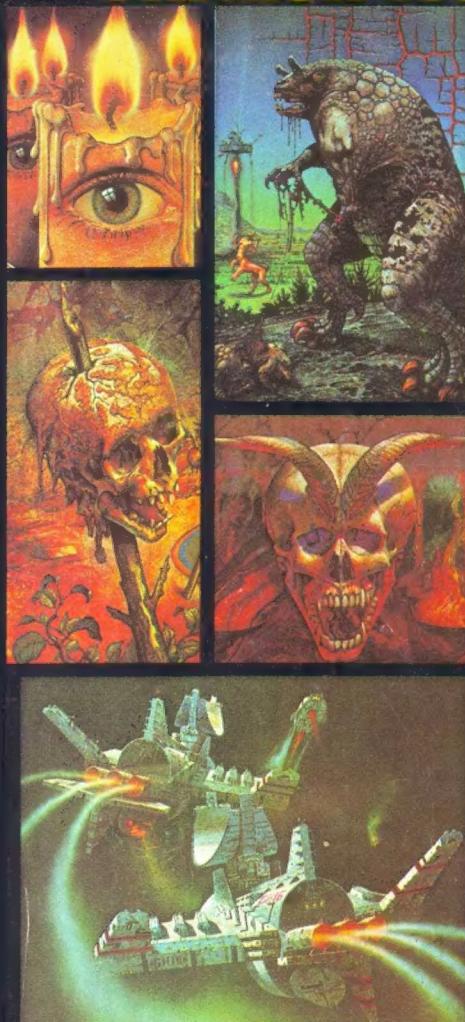
Mail to: **WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
Subscription Department  
145 East 32nd Street  
New York, N.Y. 10016

In Canada and outside the U.S.A., please add \$3.00 to all rates.

FANTASIES! NIGHTMARES! PROPHESIES! AND DAYDREAMS!

# FULL-COLOR ART BOOKS!

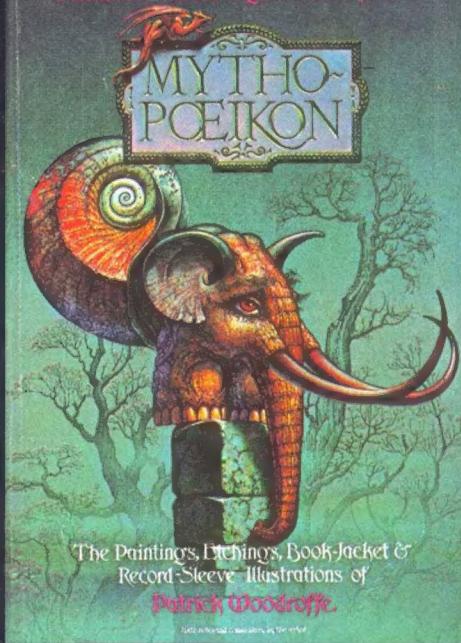
## PATRICK WOODROFFE



Savor the wit, the imagination, the unsurpassed artistic mastery of England's Dean of full-color fantasy! Patrick Woodroffe, his life, his works, his book covers, record jackets and posters! **Mythopoeikon** is a daring, 156-page, 8 1/4 by 11 3/4 inch soft bound volume with more than 135 provocative, full-color masterpieces. Embark on the gilded horizons of madness. Explore the strange crevices of insanity. Meet the demented inhabitants of the wonderous lands of fantasy, cults

straight from the artistic genius of the most exciting artist of the day. This beautiful, high-quality volume, printed on slick glossy stock, is a fantasy connoisseur's dream. Sure to delight those who have ravished his art for years. \$9.95.

Fantasies Monsters Nightmares Daydreams

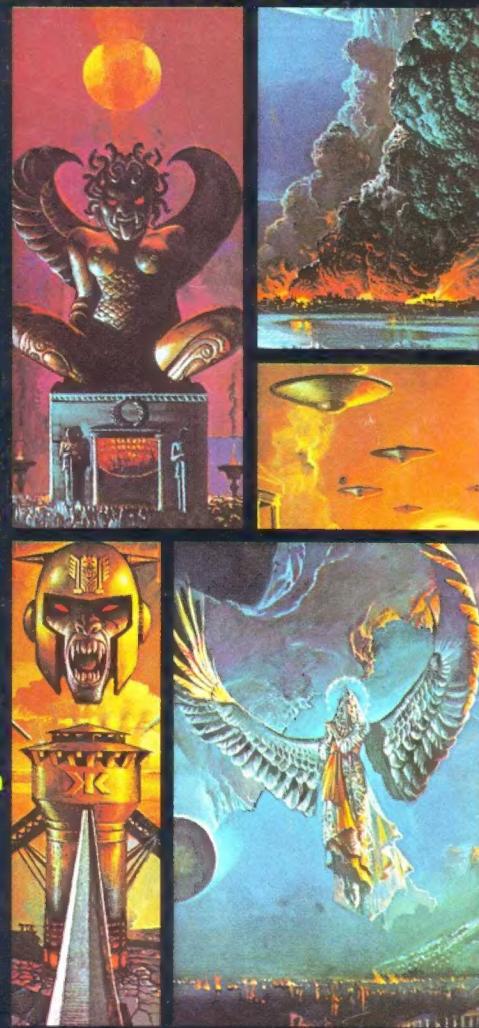


The Paintings, Etchings, Book-Jacket & Record-Sleeve Illustrations of Patrick Woodroffe.

©1979 Warren Publishing Co.

## BRUCE PENNINGTON

Exploding cities, angelic apparitions. Streaking starships. And worlds devastated by the fabled anti-Christ. These are the prophesies of Michel de Nostradamus, soothsayer, astrologer, and history's most famous seer. He lived in the 16th century. Yet, he told of devastation, wars, and horrors yet-to-come. His predictions are brought to vivid startling light in this 80-page soft-cover volume, featuring the cataclysmic full-color renderings of England's brilliant, Bruce Pennington. Every page lush with color, accompanied by Nostradamus' original prophesies in French and English. Live the future now! See the glory and the terrors of that which tomorrow holds. It's all in this lavish 12 by 12 inch collector's book of art. \$8.95.



Due to mature subject matter, these volumes may not be sold to anyone under 18.

### ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!

WARREN PUBLISHING Co.  
145 E. 32nd St.  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

I am 18 years of age or older. Please send me:  copies of Patrick Woodroffe's **MYTHOPOEIKON** at \$9.95 per copy.  copies of Bruce Pennington's **ESCHATUS** at \$8.95 per copy.

Total Enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_

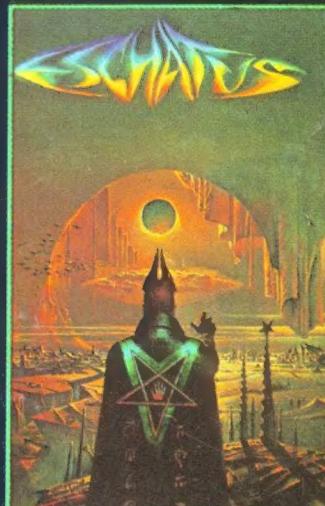
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

## ESCHATUS: NOSTRADAMUS ANCIENT WRITINGS



BRUCE PENNINGTON